

DESPERADO DESPERADO DESPERADO

Illustrations

THE
FIGHT FOR LAW
AND ORDER
IN THE
WILD
WEST

ALL
TRUE
WILD WEST
ILLUSTRATIONS

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

WHAT HAPPENED
TO SAM GROVER
SINCE HE BECAME
SHERIFF? I AIN'T
SEEN HIDE OR
HAIR OF HIM!

I HEARD
TELL THAT HE
GOT A GALLON
OF YELLER PAINT
AN' COVERED
HISSELF ALL
OVER WITH
IT!

THAT WAS
A WASTE
OF MONEY! HE
WAS ALREADY
THAT COLOR!

THERE'S A LIMIT TO
WHAT ANY MAN CAN
STAND! THEY'VE BEEN
TRYING TO GOAD ME INTO
A GUN FIGHT FOR A WEEK,
AND THEY'RE FINALLY
SUCCEEDING! LET
ME GO, BETTY—
LET ME GO!

DON'T SAM!
PLEASE! THEY'RE
NOT WORTH IT!
DON'T PLAY INTO
THEIR HANDS—THAT'S
JUST WHAT THEY
WANT YOU
TO DO!

HEAR YE!
THE TOWN
OF DEAD EYE
MAKES KNOWN
THE ELECTION OF
A NEW SHERIFF
SAM GROVER
HE REPLACES
TOM CARREY
WHO MET HIS DEATH
AT THE HANDS OF
UNKNOWN ASSASSINS!



EXPERT
DIAMOND
SETTING
INTO
TEETH



GENERAL

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

CHARLES
BIRO

A
FULL-SIZE
52 page
MAG!

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OBEY THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



CAMELS

WERE BROUGHT FROM EGYPT IN HOPES OF SOLVING THE ROUGH TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM ON OUR WESTERN PLAINS (May 1856) THE GOVERNMENT APPROPRIATED \$30,000 FOR THE EXPERIMENT BUT IT FAILED! AMERICANS DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE OR CARE FOR THE ANIMALS



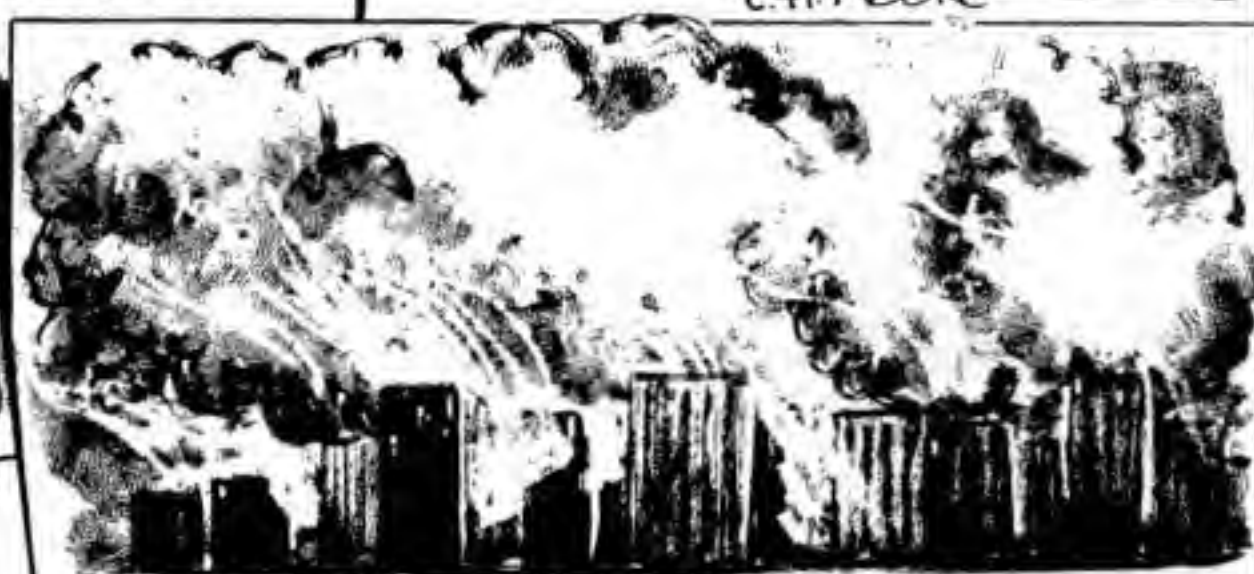
MINNIE SHOUSE Chicago, Illinois
WAS ARRESTED 300 TIMES IN 6 YEARS
ON ROBBERY CHARGES! (1890-1896)

C.H. MOORE



THE HAT TRICK

THE FIRST TO USE THIS TRICK WAS RANGER McDONALD - A MAN BEATING HIM TO THE DRAW WAS SURPRISED - LOST HIS AIM AND WAS SHOT TO DEATH WHEN McDONALD WHIPPED OFF HIS HAT AND FLUNG IT AT THE VICTIM!



THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE

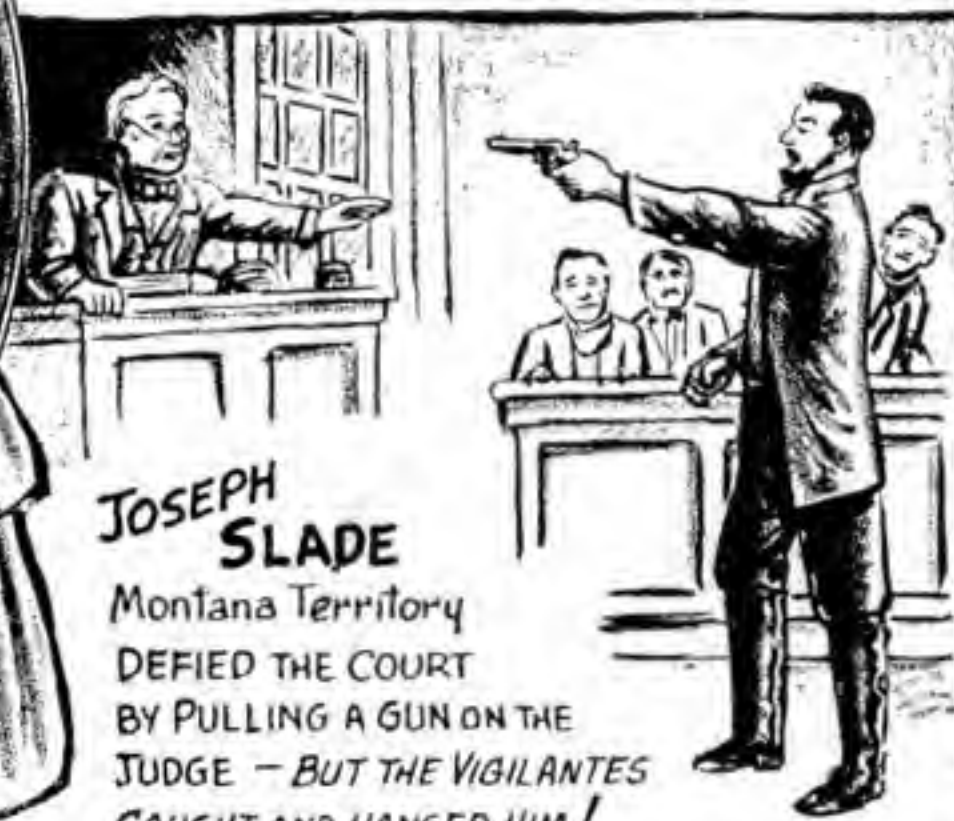
Sunday Evening, October 8, 1871
BURNED FOR 24 HOURS - LEAVING 300,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS AND DESTROYING 17,450 BUILDINGS - AFTER THE FIRE 8 MEN WERE CAUGHT WITHIN THE NEXT 2 DAYS (AT DIFFERENT TIMES) TRYING TO START NEW FIRES IN THE CITY! - THEY WERE SHOT ON THE SPOT



Mary Boston

A SHOPLIFTER IN 1903 HAD POCKETS SEWED ON THE INSIDE OF HER SKIRT

- A LITTLE GIRL WALKED ALONG UNDER HER SKIRT AND WHEN MARY SAW SOMETHING IN A STORE THAT SHE WANTED SHE WOULD UNOSTENTATIALLY KNOCK IT TO THE FLOOR AND THE CHILD WOULD PICK IT UP AND PUT IT IN ONE OF THE POCKETS!



JOSEPH SLADE

Montana Territory
DEFIED THE COURT BY PULLING A GUN ON THE JUDGE - BUT THE VIGILANTES CAUGHT AND HANGED HIM!

OBEDY THE LAW

KING HUNTER

THE SELF-PROCLAIMED KING!

THE RECEIPT OF HIS DEADLY CALLING CARD, WHICH WAS THE ACE OF SPADES, MEANT ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH WITHIN 24 HOURS!

KING
HUNTER
KILLED
MARCH 10,
1884

A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY



SEE—WHAT DID I TELL YA! HARRIS HAD THE MISSING ACE, KING! HE WORE IT RIGHT NEXT TO HIS HEART!

FINE! I NEVER KILL A MAN WITHOUT WHAT I CONSIDER A FAIR REASON! IT AIN'T GENTLEMANLIKE!

NO, KING HUNTER, WOULDN'T DREAM OF DOING ANYTHING SO VULGAR AS TO PULL A SIXER AND MURDER A MAN WITHOUT THE PROPER CEREMONY! TO HIM, MURDER HAD TO WEAR THE MASK OF GALLANTRY, FOR KING HUNTER WAS NO COMMON DESPERADO! OH, NO, HE WAS THE KING AMONG DESPERADOES—ABSOLUTE RULER OF AN AMAZING OUTLAW EMPIRE! AND I WAS HIS CALLING CARD—THE SYMBOL OF A RUTHLESS MURDERER, WITH THE MANNERS OF A MARQUIS! LISTEN AND HEAR HOW FANTASTIC FATE BROUGHT US TOGETHER IN AUGUST, 1878, FIVE MILES FROM NUECES, TEXAS!



IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED
AND RELATIVES OF
OTHERS, THE NAMES
OF SOME CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS
TRUE MAGAZINE
ARE FICTITIOUS
the editors

OBEDY THE LAW

THE MORNING STAGECOACH WAS RIDING TWO HOURS LATE THAT DAY! THE SUN WAS AS HOT AS A VOLCANO'S GIZZARD! EVERYBODY IN THE COACH WAS AT THE POINT OF PASSING OUT, WHEN THEY GOT A SUDDEN HELPING HAND FROM DANIEL CARTER HUNTER!

WATCH OUT, DAN! THE DRIVER'S GOT A BEAD ON YA!

YOU WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF!

PULL UP THAT COACH, OR WE'LL KILL YA ALL!

NOT TILL YOU OWN ALL MY LEAD, YOU DESERT RATS!

HEY, CLUB, WHO'S AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COACH? GET HIM TO DRAW THE DRIVER'S FIRE!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—SURRENDER! WE'LL G..GIVE THEM ANYTHING THEY WANT!

JACK IS THERE, BUT HE AIN'T DOIN' MUCH!

YA GOT HIM! HOW MUCH GOLD YOU THINK SHE'S CARTIN'?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? HAUL UP ON THE HORSES, JACK, BEFORE SHE LANDS IN THE DITCH!

LET IT! YOU CAN'T BRUISE GOOD GOLD PIECES!

MAYBE SO, BUT THERE'S LADIES ABOARD—FAIR LADIES! NEVER BRUISE THE FAIR SEX, JACK! NEVER! IT AIN'T GENTLEMAN-LIKE!

THERE HE GOES AGAIN WITH THEM BIG CITY MANNERS! YOU'D THINK HE WAS VISITIN' THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER ON EASTER SUNDAY, THE WAY HE ACTS!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HAND AWAY! I CAN GET DOWN WITHOUT A MURDERER'S ASSISTANCE!

WHO, ME? A MURDERER? YOU GOT ME WRONG, MISS! I JUST KILL IN SELF-DEFENSE! YOU SAW THEM DRIVERS SHOOTIN' AT ME! THIS IS ROUGH COUNTRY, AN' THE ROUGHEST HOMBRES LIVE THE LONGEST—AIN'T THAT RIGHT, CLUB?

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GO EXPLAININ' THINGS TO A SQUAW? LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AN' VAMOOSE!

YOUR ATTITUDE TAKES THE GRACE OUT OF LIVIN', CLUB! I MEAN NO ILL TO FOLKS, SO WHY PRETEND I'M EVERYBODY'S ENEMY?

SURE—THEM TWO DRIVERS WAS KILLED WITH KINDNESS!

DON'T BOTHER SEARCHING MY BAG! THIS IS THE ONLY FORTUNE I CARRY!

YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME! YOU GOT MORE'N A PACK OF CARDS!

N..NO! THEY ARE MAGIC CARDS—FORTUNE CARDS!

JACK, YOU DONE A DURNED UNCOURTEOUS THING! YOU PICK UP THEM CARDS AN' APOLOGIZE TO THAT LADY! TELL HER WHAT A LOW-BROW YOU ARE! AN' HOW YOU WERE BROUGHT UP IN A BAR AN' NEVER KNEW NO BETTER!

I WILL NOT PICK 'EM UP!

I THINK YOU WILL, JACK! NOTHIN' DISGUSTS ME MORE THAN A CHEAP JOHN WHO CAN'T TREAT A LADY DECENT! START BENDIN'! I FEEL A CRAMP COMIN' ON IN MY TRIGGER FINGER!

GO ON—PICK 'EM UP! YOU KNOW HE'S LOCO! HUMOR HIM!

OBEY THE LAW



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE A BRUTAL KILLER ONE MINUTE AND A COURTEOUS MAN THE NEXT!

YOU'RE A FORTUNE TELLER! WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME! GO AHEAD—TELL MY FORTUNE, WHILE THESE GUYS DO THEIR SCAVENGIN'! I'M A SUPERSTITIOUS HOMBRE! I'LL CROSS THAT PALM OF YOURS WITH PLENTY OF SILVER FOR A GOOD LOOK AT THE FUTURE!

ALL RIGHT, I READ! SIT DOWN—PICK OUT SEVEN CARDS!

I COULD TELL HIM HIS FUTURE WITHOUT CARDS. 'CAUSE ONE OF THESE DAYS...

NO, YOU WON'T, EITHER! THERE AIN'T A SMARTER GALOOT THAN DAN! HE'S GOT REAL DASH, REAL COLOR! THIS GENTLEMAN STUFF CONFUSES THE DAMES! THEY THINK HE'S CUTE, WHEN HE'S ROTTEN THROUGH AN' THROUGH! IT'S BETTER THAN A MASK! PEOPLE GET BAMBOOZLED MORE EASY BY A CLEAN-CUT LOOKIN' GUY!



HMMM... JACKS AND CLUBS SURROUNDING A KING...

THAT'S FUNNY—THE HOMBRE THAT THREW YOUR CARDS DOWN WAS JACK—'JACK'S' WHAT WE CALL HIM BECAUSE HE LOVES DOUGH! CLUB'S MY OTHER BUDDY! WE CALL HIM 'CLUB' BECAUSE HE FAVORS THE BUTT END OF THE COLT OVER THE FRONT END!



EVERYWHERE I SEE THE KING! IT'S THE SIGN OF POWER! YOU WILL BE GREATLY FEARED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WILL BE? TELL ME SOMETHIN' I DON'T KNOW! WHAT NEXT?

AHA—NOW IT'S THE ACE OF SPADES NEAR THE KING OF SPADES! DEATH GOES WHEREVER YOU GO, TALL ONE!

THAT'S KINDA BEEN MY EXPERIENCE, LADY! THESE NOTCHES DIDN'T COME WITH MY GUN! TELL ME, HOW LONG WILL I LIVE? HOW RICH WILL I BE? HOW ABOUT ANSWERIN' THEM QUESTIONS?



THEN PICK A CARD AND HOPE THAT YOU DON'T PICK THE ACE OF SPADES!

YOU DID DRAW THE DEATH CARD! YOU WILL NOT LIVE LONG!

YOU DIDN'T SHUFFLE 'EM RIGHT! TRY IT AGAIN!



AGAIN THE DEATH CARD! YOUR MONEY WILL BRING YOU NAUGHT BUT EVIL! YOU ARE DOOMED!



YOUR CARDS ARE A PACK OF LIES! GIVE ME THAT DECK! I'LL TEAR 'EM TO PIECES!

N...NO! THIS IS A MAGIC DECK! YOU WILL SUFFER IF YOU HURT IT! THE PACK WILL CURSE YOU!

DON'T BELIEVE THAT HOG-WASH, DAN! TAKE THAT DECK FROM THE OLD WITCH!

I AIN'T FIGHTIN WITH YOU, GYPSY! I'M TELLIN' YOU! GIVE UP THAT DECK, OR DIE!

HA, HA, HA! I AM NOT AFRAID! THE DEATH CARD PROTECTS ME! IT CURSES THE MAN WHO DEFIES IT!



I'M NO ORDINARY MAN! I'M A KING! YOU SAID SO YOURSELF! A KING MAKES UP HIS OWN RULES! HE AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN'! NOT EVEN A CURSED ACE OF SPADES!

HEY, JACK! WEREN'T YOU AFRAID DAN WAS BECOMIN' TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN?



OBEY THE LAW



WANT TO SEE SOMETHIN' THE BULLET WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE SPADE!

THE OLD WITCH, YOU TELLIN' LIES ABOUT ME DYIN' YOUNG!

YOU SURE WENT FOR THAT KING!

STUFF! I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT BEING BETTER THAN A MAN! YOU SURE SAY SOME DUMB THINGS WHEN YOU GET SORE!



NOTHIN'S DUMB ABOUT WHAT I SAID! I'LL BE A KING AND BUILD A KINGDOM RIGHT HERE! FROM NOW ON, MY NAME IS KING HUNTER!

YES, YOUR MAJESTY, AN' WOULD YOUR MAJESTY BE INTERESTED IN THE REPORT OF HIS ROYAL TREASURER?



THERE WASN'T A CENT ON THE STAGE, EXCEPT WHAT WE TOOK OFF THE PASSENGERS, AN' THAT DON'T AMOUNT TO A LICK! THE OLD WITCH'S CURSE IS WORKIN' ON YOU ALREADY!

CURSE, EH? SEE THIS ACE WITH THE HOLE DRILLED PLUMB THROUGH THE CENTER? EVERY ENEMY OF MINE GETS A CARD LIKE THIS! THAT CURSE IS GOIN' TO WORK ON EVERYBODY BUT ME! I AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP TILL I OWN HALF THIS STATE!



WON'T YOU SETTLE FOR A QUARTER, OR AN EIGHTH OF IT, YOUR MAJESTY?

HEY, DAN, I MEAN KING, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TACK UP YOUR THRONE-HOUSTON OR DALLAS?

SURE-LAUGH, BUT SOME DAY, YOU MOLES'LL COME CRAWLIN' AN' BEGGIN' AN' ALL YOU'LL GET IS A BOOT IN THE TEETH!



♠

DAN HUNTER LOST LITTLE TIME BECOMING KING HUNTER! NO KING EVER CARED LESS FOR HIS SUBJECTS OR MORE FOR THEIR MONEY! NO STONE THAT COULD HELP BUILD HIS "PALACE" WAS LEFT UNTURNED! AT THE RATE HE KEPT PULLING TRIGGERS, THERE WAS A GOOD CHANCE HE'D END UP HAVING MORE SUBJECTS INSIDE THE CEMETERIES THAN OUTSIDE THEM!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE CALLIN' CARD THIS GUY HUNTER LEAVES?

HE MUST BE AN EGO-MANIAC-ONLY A KILL-CRAZY FOOL WOULD WANT TO BOAST ABOUT MURDERIN'! I'VE COLLECTED ENOUGH OF HIS ACES TO MAKE A PACK BY THEMSELVES!

IF YOU'D QUIT DECORATIN' THEIR CHESTS WITH YOUR ADVERTISEMENTS, WE WOULDN'T BE HAVIN' SO MUCH POSSE TROUBLE!

THE MORE POSSES AFTER ME THE BETTER I LIKE IT! I WANT EVERY SHERIFF IN TEXAS HUNTIN' MY SCALP!



♠ OF COURSE, THERE'S ONLY ONE ACE OF SPADES IN EVERY DECK, WHICH MEANT A NUISANCE RATHER THAN AN EXPENSE TO KING HUNTER!

SHOULD I DROP HIM NOW?

NOT YET! GET HIM TO SORT OUT THE ACES-WHEN HE'S THROUGH, DROP A PLUGGED ONE ON HIS CHEST!



♠ WHEN KING GREW BORED WITH STAGE STICK-UPS, THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING DIVERTING IN THE LINE OF TRAIN ROBBERY!

IF WE PULL THIS OFF, IT'LL BE A MIRACLE! WE SHOULD HAVE A DOZEN GUYS ON A JOB LIKE THIS!

A JOB LIKE THIS WILL BUY ME A DOZEN GUYS!



♠ BUT SOME JOBS DIDN'T PAY FOR EVEN A DOZEN WORMS!

A MOSQUITO'D WEIGH MORE'N WHAT HE'S GOT IN THIS SACK!

I'M THROUGH BOTHERIN' WITH THESE CHEAP PROSPECTORS! STICK AN ACE ON HIM, AN' LET'S GO!

OBEY THE LAW



THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF HUNTER'S BIG DECISION!

WELL, HOW DO WE STAND? HOW MUCH WE GOT?

NOT ENOUGH TO RAISE AN ARMY WITH, BUT ENOUGH FOR A PLATOON! BUT WHERE DO WE RECRUIT THEM?

THE JAILS ARE FULL OF GUYS WHO'D KISS OUR FEET IF WE SPRUNG 'EM!



IN TWO WEEKS, KING'S GUNS CAME BETWEEN A DOZEN MEN AND A DOZEN NOOSES THAT WERE WAITING FOR THEM!

THIS IS THE TOUGHEST BUNCH YET! KILLERS, EVERY ONE OF 'EM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT—I'M WALKIN' OUT OF HERE WITH A SLAP ON THE BACK! WHO DO I OWE THIS TO?



DIRTY, IGNORANT RABBLE! THEY CAN'T READ OR WRITE! MOST OF 'EM CAN'T TALK SO'S YOU CAN UNDERSTAND 'EM! THAT SETTLES IT FOR ME! ONCE I GET THAT EMPIRE, I'LL CUT THEIR GRIMY THROATS AN' LIVE LIKE A GENTLEMAN! I'LL QUIT ALL THIS MURDERIN' AND STEALIN'!

HE ALWAYS LIKES TO RIDE UP AHEAD! THAT OLD GYPSY CURSE ABOUT HIM DYIN' YOUNG MUST BE BOTHERIN' HIM! THAT DUMMY STILL CARRIES THAT FIRST ACE HE DRILLED HER THROUGH!



YES, HE CARRIED ME THROUGH A HUNDRED ROBBERIES AND A HUNDRED MURDERS! I WAS WITH HIM DURING THE NOTORIOUS SLAUGHTER OF THE CASHIERS IN THE FORT WORTH TRUST BANK IN NOVEMBER, 1879!

HEY, JACK, KING SAYS WE SHOULD LINE UP THE CASHIERS AGAINST A WALL!

BUT WHY, KING? WE'VE GOT ALL THE DOUGH!

DO LIKE I TELL YA! I'M GONNA PUT THE FEAR OF ME INTO THE HEART OF EVERY SHERIFF! THEY'RE GONNA KNOW THAT IF THEY CHASE ME, THEY'RE ALSO CHASIN' THEIR OWN FUNERAL!



I WAS WITH HIM THE NIGHT HE RUSTLED EIGHT HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE TO BEGIN HIS OWN FANG-TOOTHED EMPIRE!

WE'LL GET 'EM INTO SHORTHORN CANYON, THEN WE'LL GO BACK TO MEET THE POSSE THAT'S GONNA BE COMIN' AFTER US!



I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ABOUT KING HUNTER AND HIS CUTTHROATS! THEY'VE RAISED THE DEVIL IN OUR COUNTRY FOR OVER A YEAR, AN' WHAT HAS BEEN DONE ABOUT IT?—NOTHIN'! WHEN DO YOU EXPECT TO GO AFTER HUNTER—WHEN YOU'VE GOT DAISIES GROWIN' OUT OF YOUR FACE?

TEX IS RIGHT! IF YOU MEN ARE WILLIN', I'LL SWEAR YOU ALL IN AS DEPUTIES NOW! WE'LL LIGHT OUT AFTER HIM THIS MINUTE! LINK, HERE KNOWS THEIR HIDEOUT! IT'S ABOUT TWO MILES OUT OF TOWN! HOW ABOUT IT?



TEX, YOU RIDE ON AHEAD AND DO A LITTLE SCOUTIN'! THEY MIGHT TRY TO AMBUSH US!

LET ME GO, SHERIFF! I KNOW THAT COUNTRY LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND, AN' I GOT GOOD REASON—MY RANCH IS IN THEIR TERRITORY!

DURFEE'S GOT SOMETHIN', SHERIFF! WE'LL NEED TEX TO LEAD ANOTHER PARTY, IN CASE WE HAVE TO SPLIT UP!



HEY, LUKE, WHERE'S KING? ROUND UP THE WHOLE GANG! TELL 'EM THERE'S A SHERIFF AND A HANGIN' POSSE ON THEIR WAY AFTER US! TEX MCENTEE MUST'VE SPOTTED SOME OF OUR BOYS THIS MORNIN', BUT THEY DON'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE AT MY PLACE!

I'LL ROLL THE GUYS OUT OF THEIR BUNKS! YOU GO TELL KING—HE'S IN THE MAIN HOUSE!

TYPE "D" RANG B. DURFEE

OBEY THE LAW

DURFEE, YOU'RE A RIGHT SMART ONE, THE WAY YOU GOT THEM SQUARES THINKIN' YOU'RE ONE OF 'EM! NOW GO ON BACK AN' MEET THE SHERIFF'S POSSE! LEAD 'EM ALONG PENDENCIA CREEK! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM GOOD AN' PROPER!

DON'T FORGET WHAT I LOOK LIKE WHEN YOU START THROWIN' THAT LEAD! I DON'T WANNA GET SHOT BY MISTAKE!

YES, SIR, THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE! THEY'D HAVE CAUGHT US WITH OUR BOOTS OFF! WE OUGHT TO GET DOWN AN' KISS DURFEE'S FEET FOR HIDIN' US OUT AN' SAVIN' OUR NECKS!

THAT'S A LOTTA ROT—I FEEL NO GRATITUDE FOR NO ONE! DURFEE'S A FOOL, AN' LIKE ALL FOOLS, HE SHOULD BE SQUEEZED DRY OF HIS USEFULNESS, THEN FLUNG ASIDE LIKE A DIRTY RAG! I LIKE DURFEE'S RANCH! I INTEND TO STAY RIGHT HERE, AN' I WILL WHEN DURFEE DIES WITH THE POSSE!

FOLLOW ME, SHERIFF! I SPOTTED HUNTER'S CAMP A MILE DOWN PENDENCIA CREEK!

THAT'S FUNNY—THEY WEREN'T WITHIN TEN MILES OF THE CREEK THIS MORNIN'!

DURFEE KNOWS MORE ABOUT HUNTER'S WHEREABOUTS THAN YOU, TEX! C'MON, MEN, TO PENDENCIA CREEK, AN' LIVELY!

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE AIN'T A SIGN OF A CAMP HERE! JUST A LOTTA FRESH HOOFPRIENTS! HORSES PASSED THIS WAY LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!

THAT'S FUNNY—I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT—WAIT HERE, I'LL SCOUT AROUND SOME MORE!

STAY PUT, DURFEE—MAYBE YOU DONE ENOUGH SCOUTIN' FOR THE EVENIN'!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS, SHERIFF! I AIN'T SEEN A BETTER SPOT FOR AN AMBUSH! WE'D BETTER TAKE COVER!

WHAT'S THIS CRAZY TALK OF AMBUSH? WOULD I LEAD MY BEST FRIENDS INTO AN AMBUSH?

I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! I'M IN KING'S LINE OF FIRE!

OKAY, BOYS! POUR IT INTO 'EM!

N..NO, NO, KING—WAIT! LEMME GET OUTTA THE WAY!

DON'T GET EXCITED, DURFEE! YOU'LL SOON BE OUT OF IT!

IT WAS A MASSACRE AS LOW-DOWN AS CAN BE! THE GOOD WENT DOWN WITH THE BAD! DURFEE TWITCHED IN THE DUST BESIDE THE MEN HE HAD BETRAYED—AND KING EXULTED!

FOLLOW THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY BACK TO NUECES! DON'T LET ANY OF 'EM GET THERE! START RIDIN'!

THEY BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THEIR JAILHOUSE! WE'LL LOSE MORE MEN THAN IT'S WORTH TO DRAG 'EM OUT!

IF WE HAD SOME DYNAMITE, WE'D GET 'EM OUT, EH, KING? LET'S GET BACK TO DURFEE'S RANCH! MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOME!

SOAK RAGS IN KEROSENE AN' THROW 'EM ON TOP OF THE HOOSEGOW! WE'LL ROAST 'EM LIKE CHICKENS, OR GET 'EM WHEN THEY COME THROUGH THE DOOR!

OBEY THE LAW

BUT THERE WERE THOSE WHO LEFT THEIR LAND WITHOUT PROTEST..

KING, YOU AIN'T GOT A FRIEND LEFT IN THE WORLD! IF LOOKS COULD KILL.. YOU'D BE DEAD AN' BURIED LONG AGO!

BUT LOOKS CAN'T KILL, CAN THEY, CLUB? THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THOSE HELPLESS NINNIES AN' ME! THEY KEEP LOOKIN'.. AN' I KEEP SHOOTIN'! THEY KEEP GETTIN' POORER! I KEEP GETTIN' RICHER!

OTHERS TRIED TO APPEAL TO HIS SYMPATHY, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY...

OTHERS PROTESTED VAINLY TO THE HELPLESS AUTHORITIES!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO? WE'D NEED THREE CAVALRY TROOPS TO MAKE HEADWAY AGAINST HUNTER'S BIG MOB OF HYENAS!

IT'S COME TO A FINE END, WHEN LAW-ABIDIN' FOLKS CAN'T SAVE THEIR HARD-EARNED PROPERTY FROM KILL-CRAZY OUTLAWS!

I GOT THE INVENTORY FOR YOU, KING! 3,457 HEAD!

THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNIN'! OUR WORK'S CUT OUT FOR US! WE GOT THE LAND, NOW WE'LL GET THE STOCK TO FILL IT! AS A START, I'M AIMIN' TO BE THE BIGGEST RANCH OWNER IN TEXAS!

JUST LOOK OUT YOU DON'T WIND UP THE DEADDEST! PEOPLE AIN'T GOIN' TO STAND FOR THIS STUFF FOREVER! ONE OF THESE DAYS, THEY'LL GET TOGETHER!

THEN I'LL TAKE 'EM APART! YOU TALK TOO MUCH, CLUB! LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!

YOU CAN ONLY STRETCH YOUR LUCK SO FAR! AFTER THAT, THE ROOF FALLS IN AN' YOU'RE THROUGH! I'D ALMOST BE GLAD TO SEE IT HAPPEN!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, CLUB?

CLUB SAID THIS IS THE BEST HERD WE'VE RUN OFF THIS MONTH, KING! AT LEAST 500 HEAD!

WHY DO WE TAKE IT? IF WE ALL GOT TOGETHER, WE CATTLEMEN COULD RUN THAT DEVIL, HUNTER, INTO THE RIO GRANDE, AND DROWN HIM AND HIS MOB, LIKE THE RATS THAT THEY ARE!

WELL, SOMETHIN'S GOT TO BE DONE! WHY, ANYONE OF US MIGHT BE LYIN' THERE TOMORROW!

I'M FOR CALLIN' A MEETIN' OF EVERY RANCHER IN MAVERICK COUNTY!

THEN IT'S DECIDED! WE COOPERATE WITH THE SHERIFF! WE'LL CHASE HUNTER TILL WE GET HIS DIRTY NECK IN A NOOSE!

I HEREBY DEPUTIZE THE ENTIRE GATHERIN'! LET'S GO GET HIM!

BUT THE MEETING WAS TOO BIG NOT TO INCLUDE A SPY!

TO BLAZES WITH THEIR POSSE! I GUESS THEY DIDN'T LEARN THEIR LESSON! CLUB, YOU'RE GONNA BE THE DECOY! YOU LEAD 'EM THROUGH SHORT-HORN CANYON! WE'LL BLAST DAYLIGHT THROUGH EVERY CARCASS THAT PASSES THROUGH!

CAN'T WE JUST RUN FOR THE BORDER? THIS AIN'T NO POSSE - IT'S A CITIZEN ARMY! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF 'EM, AN' ALL ARMED TO THE TEETH!

OBEDY THE LAW

LISTEN, CLUB. FOR OVER A YEAR I'VE BEEN HEARIN' YOU MUTTER AND GRIPE. AN' I'M FED UP WITH IT! I'M GETTIN' WHAT I'M AFTER AN' I DON'T AIM TO LET YOU GIVE ME TROUBLE! DON'T GIVE ME ANY ARGUMENTS! JUST DO WHAT I SAY... AN' NO SLIP-UPS! NOW GET THAT POSSE INTO SHORTHORN CANYON-AN' PRONTO!

S-SURE, KING! T-THEY'RE PRACTICALLY THERE!

REMEMBER, MEN, WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH AN ORDINARY CATTLE RUSTLER! HUNTER IS A MURDEROUS MANIAC, AS YOU CAN SEE!

LOOK! UP THE ROAD..

THIS IS KING HUNTER'S ROAD! TAKE THE OTHER!

THIS MAN DIDN'T

IT'S SOME OF HUNTER'S GANG!

COME AN' GET US, YA CROSSEYED DOGS!

GIDDAP! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!..

IT'S AS EASY AS LEADIN' A KID BY THE HAND INTO A CANDY SHOP! DON'T RIDE TOO HARD! WE DON'T WANNA LOSE 'EM! INTO SHORTHORN CANYON!

DON'T GIT YOURSELF WORKED UP, CLUB! WE'LL MAKE IT!

KEEP YOUR HORSES WEAVIN'! THOSE CRITTERS CAN SHOOT!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

THERE THEY COME, LIKE A BEAR AFTER HONEY!.. CUT THE ROPE THE SECOND AFTER CLUB AND THE BOYS PASS THROUGH!

YEAH! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU FIGURE ON SETTLEING DOWN ON DURFEE'S RANCH AFTER THIS! FOLKS'LL GET SO HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, THEY'LL GET THE U.S. ARMY AFTER YOU!

LET ME GET GREY ABOUT IT! OKAY! CLUB AN' THE BOYS'RE THROUGH! NOW!!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FRONT END? NOW SEAL OFF THE REAR!

BACK, MEN! HUNTER'S TRYIN' TO DO US IN WITH AVALANCHES!

...W-WE CAN'T GET BACK OUT! WE'RE TRAPPED IN THE CANYON! HE'S SEALED BOTH ENDS!

YOU BET YOU'RE TRAPPED! AN' IF I SAY THE WORD, YOU'LL BE TRAPPED DEAD! IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU TAKE MY PROPOSITION! I'LL LET YOU GO.. ON ONE CONDITION- THAT YOU LET ME REFORM! YES.. REFORM.. GO STRAIGHT! I'M THROUGH WITH RUSTLIN' AN' STEALIN'! I GOT ALL I NEED AN' I WANT TO LIVE LIKE A GENTLEMAN!

IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE, HUNTER, WE DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY!

OBEDY THE LAW



SURE, IT'S A JOKE! AN' YOU'RE LIABLE TO DIE LAUGHING! I'M DEAD SERIOUS! I MEANT EVERY WORD OF IT! AN' I AIN'T ACCUSTOMED TO NOT BEIN' BELIEVED!

SURE!

DROP A COUPLE OF ROCKS ON 'EM TO HELP MAKE THEIR MINDS UP!



IT WAS PERFECT...FOR KING HUNTER! THE DOOMED MEN CALLED OFF THE CHASE AND KING HUNTER WENT ABOUT THE JOB OF MAKING HIMSELF A GENTLEMAN—OF COURSE IT COULDN'T BE DONE OVERNIGHT!...

YOU IDIOT! LOOK AT THE FIT OF THIS JACKET!

IT'S THE LATEST LONDON STYLE, MR. HUNTER! OWWW!

I SEEN DIAPERS MORE STYLISH!



YOU CALL THIS SOUP? - IT'S PIG SWILL! DIRTY, FILTHY PIG SWILL! HERE, YOU DRINK IT!

B-BUT YOU WANTED FRENCH COOKING. TURTLE SOUP, FROG LEGS...UGH!

F-FROG LEGS? IS THAT WHAT I'M EATING? PUGFFF, GIMME FLAP-JACKS FOR A WEEK!!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO JUNK THE GANG, ONCE YOU RETIRED?

I CAN'T AFFORD TO! TOO MANY PEOPLE REMEMBER THE OLD KING HUNTER! BESIDES, MY NAME'S UP FOR SHERIFF OF UVALDE COUNTY—I'LL NEED THE BOYS FOR ELECTIONEERING! MATTER OF FACT, I SCHEDULED A TALK IN NUECES TONIGHT! I WANT THE BOYS TO HANDLE ANY TROUBLE THAT MIGHT COME UP THERE!



MY DEAR CONSTITUENTS, NOBODY CAN SAY I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE JOB OF SHERIFF FIRST HAND! HEH, HEH! I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF EXPERIENCES WITH POSSES, TOO! SO IF YOU ELECT ME...

THE ONLY PLACE WE'LL ELECT YOU TO IS THE GALLOWS, MURDERER!

SURE, LET HIM BE, SHERIFF—ON ONE CONDITION—THAT HE HANGS HIMSELF AS HIS FIRST JOB! THE NERVE OF THE FIEND!

ELECT KING HUNTER
AS SHERIFF OF UVALDE CO. ON REFORM TICKET!



AS THINGS WERE, ONE COULDN'T EXACTLY CALL KING HUNTER A POPULAR CANDIDATE, SO HIS FAITHFUL SUPPORTERS DID A LITTLE ELECTIONEERING...

KING HUNTER FOR SHERIFF!

VOTE FOR HONEST GOVERNMENT! OR ELSE...

SEE THIS? VOTE FOR THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE! KING HUNTER!



BUT THE PEOPLE REACTED UNFAVORABLY TO KING HUNTER'S REFORM TICKET!

THE UNGRATEFUL PIGS! TREAT 'EM NICE, REFORM FOR 'EM, PROMISE 'EM THE WORLD...AN' THEY SPIT IN YOUR EYE! CLEAR OUT THIS BLASTED SALOON! I WANT TO DRINK ALONE!

H-HEY, HUNTER! HIC! I KNOW WHY YA L-LOSHT!

SHERIFF OF UVALDE COUNTY
HUB GUFFY, 23,908
JIM HOLDEN, 14,076
KING HUNTER, 341



YOU HAVE N-NO FAMILY! HIC! THASH WHAT.. A RESPEC'ABLE POLITICIAN MUSH HAVE A WIFE... HIC! YA JUST GOT A MOB, BUT NO FAMILY! HIC!

THE OLD BUM'S GOT SOMETHING! IF I GOT MARRIED, AN' RAISED A FAMILY, THEY'D REALLY THINK I REFORMED!

OBEY THE LAW

HOW ABOUT THE ASHBURN GIRL? SHE'S A LOOKER! AN' HER FATHER OWNS HALF OF DALLAS!

NOT INTERESTED! ANY DAME I MARRY MUST BE SOMETHIN' SPECIAL...

QUEENIE LEROY
GYPSY SENSATION OF NEW YORK, PARIS AND LATIN AMERICA! TWO WEEKS ONLY!

HERE'S WHAT I MEAN! LOOK AT THAT NAME - "QUEENIE." I'M A SUPERSTITIOUS GUY... WHO'S MORE FIT TO MARRY A KING THAN A QUEEN?

QUEENIE LEROY

ONE WEEK ONLY!

WHAT A WAY TO PICK A WIFE! YOU'RE CRACKED, KING!... IT'S IN ALL THE PAPER'S THAT QUEENIE'S GOT A HUSBAND! HE'S HER MANAGER - A GUY BY THE NAME OF HARRIS!

Y-YES, MR. HUNTER.. HE'S SITTING AT A FRONT TABLE...

BUT SOMETHIN' TELLS ME SHE'S GONNA BE A WIDOW REAL SOON!

HEY, YOU! IS QUEENIE LE ROY'S HUSBAND AROUND?

YES, MY NAME'S HARRIS! WHAT ABOUT IT?

BEAT IT! I WANT YOUR SEAT!

GET UP, YOU FAT PIG! WHAT RIGHT'VE YOU GOT TO BE MARRIED TO A GOOD LOOKING WOMAN LIKE QUEENIE?

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING ME AND I DON'T CARE! JUST STAY AWAY FROM ME, BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO USE THIS REVOLVER!

NOW AIN'T THAT CLEVER OF YOU! LET'S SEE HOW HE USES IT! GUN HIM, JACK!

HE'S BIG AS A BARN! HOW CAN I MISS?

I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS, BUT YOU FORCED ME TO!

J-JACK!

BANG! BANG!

GET THAT STIFF OUT OF HERE, HUNTER! WE SAW WHAT HAPPENED! JACK GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM! CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY YOU AIN'T WHERE HE IS NOW!

SURE, I'M LUCKY! I'M ALWAYS LUCKY! AS FOR YOU, HARRIS, YOU'D BETTER START PRAYIN' FOR MY KIND OF LUCK! YOU'LL NEED IT RIGHT SOON! GIVE US A HAND, CLUB!

YOU MADE A TERRIBLE ENEMY, DARLING! YOU REMEMBER WHAT MOTHER TOLD US ABOUT KING HUNTER...

I KNOW, QUEENIE, BUT I THINK THE DEVIL'S GONE OUT OF HUNTER! HE'S ALL BLUFF. NOW! HE DOESN'T WORRY ME! TRY TO CALM YOURSELF BEFORE WE MEET YOUR MOTHER AT THE HOTEL...

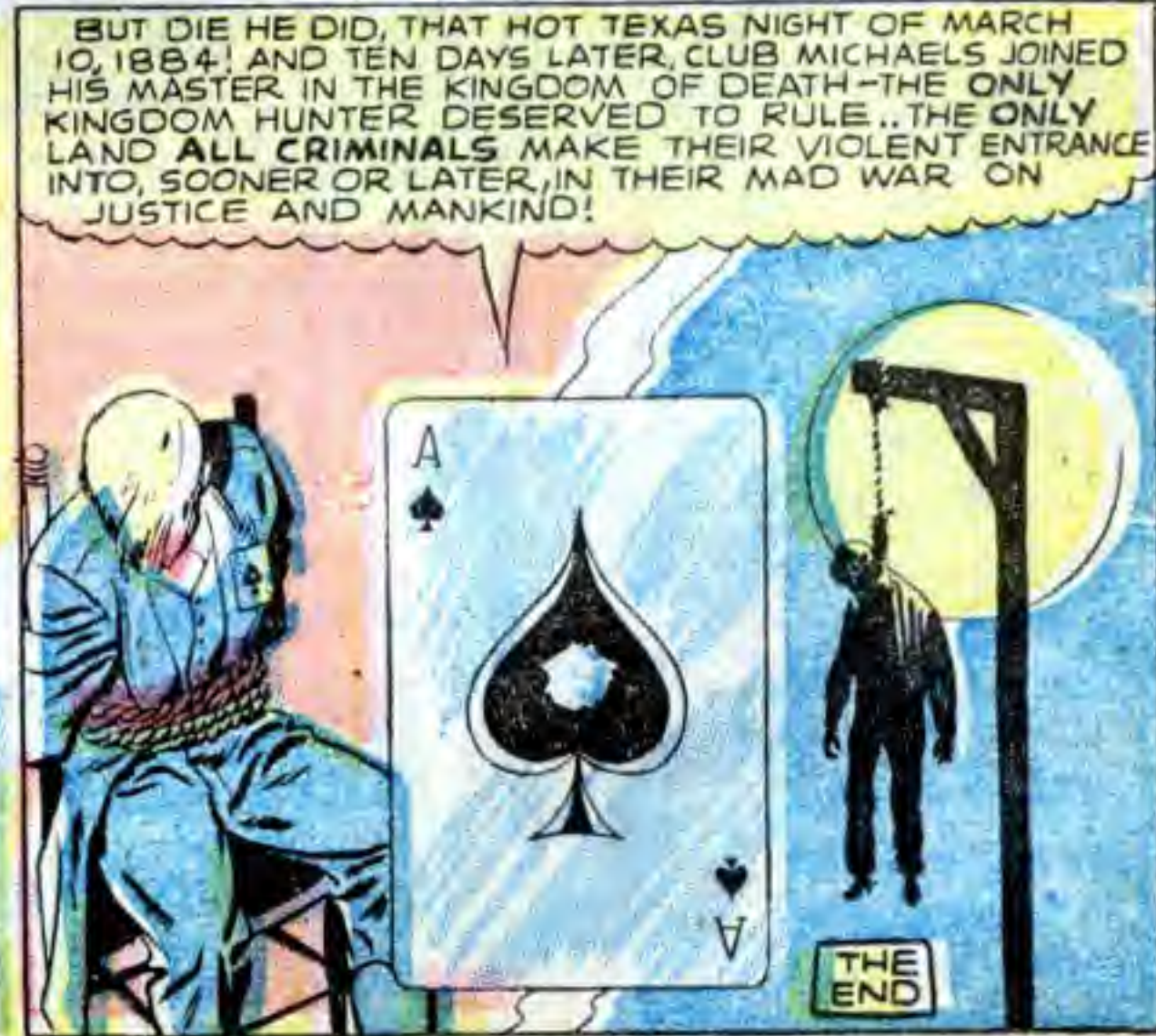
I'M GOING TO WORRY THE GUTS OUT OF HARRIS BEFORE I FINISH HIM OFF! TAKE THIS ACE AROUND TO HIS HOTEL!

WHAT! THAT ACE ROUTINE AGAIN! IF I WAS SMART, I'D CHECK OUT AN' HEAD SOUTH AN' KEEP GOIN' TILL I HIT PATAGONIA!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDIENT THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



JUDGE BANNON,

SELF-APPOINTED JUDGE OF TUCSON, ARIZONA, TOOK THE JOB BECAUSE HE WAS TIRED OF BEING A DRUGGIST! HE INAUGURATED THE 'CHAIN GANG' IN TUCSON - ONCE A LAWYER COMPLAINED THAT SENTENCE OF HIS CLIENT TO THE CHAIN GANG FOR TWO WEEKS WAS UNFAIR SO JUDGE BANNON SENTENCED THE LAWYER TO ONE WEEK ON THE CHAIN GANG FOR QUESTIONING THE FAIRNESS OF HIS DECISION!



"SCARFACE" MURPHY,

WAS GIVEN A FULL PARDON BY THE GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA FOR A WHOLE SERIES OF CRIMES FROM ROBBERY TO MURDER WHICH HE NEVER COMMITTED! (1851)



"SLIPPERY PETE" RENTED AN OLD STORE IN MISSOURI, AND PAINTED THE WORD "BANK" ON THE WINDOW - PEOPLE BROUGHT IN THEIR MONEY - WHICH PETE ACCEPTED AND LATER DECLARED TO BE THE EASIEST MONEY HE EVER STOLE! HE RECEIVED A LONG JAIL SENTENCE!



DETECTIVE WOODRIDGE,

Chicago Police, 1890,

HAD 75 DISGUISES

AND IN 22 YEARS

WAS CREDITED WITH 19,500 ARRESTS!

HE WAS SHOT AT 44 TIMES AND WOUNDED 23 TIMES!

HE CARRIED 2 GUNS BUT NEVER KILLED A MAN IN HIS LONG CAREER!



"THE SUPERSTITIOUS GAMBLER"

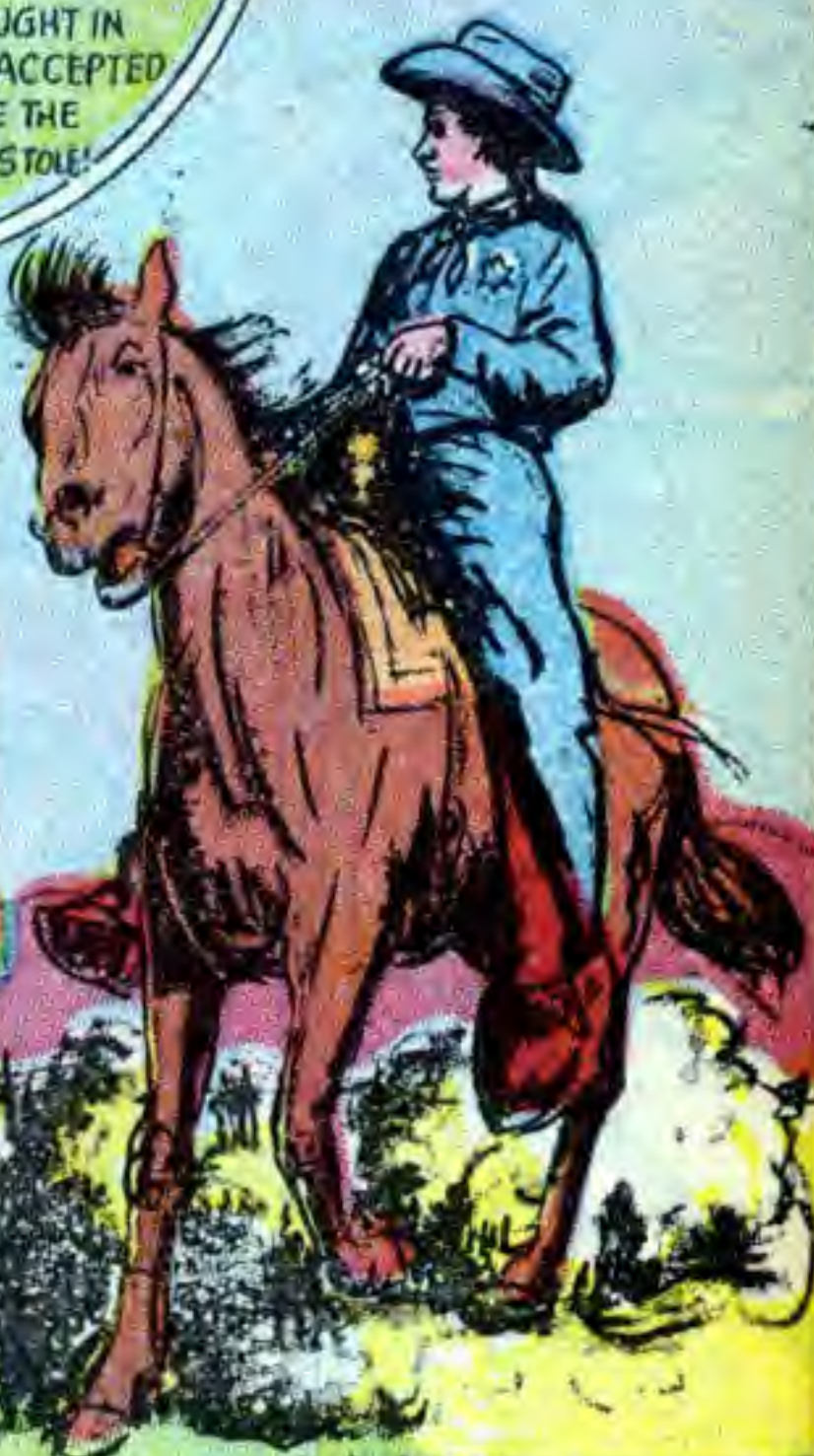
AL HANKINS - Chicago, 1880 - BURNED AN OLD SHOE EVERY MORNING OF HIS LIFE BECAUSE HE BELIEVED IT BROUGHT HIM LUCK!

TOM J. SMITH

Marshal of Abilene Texas 1870 -

NEVER CARRIED A GUN!

HE MAINTAINED LAW AND ORDER BY USING HIS FISTS!



C. H. MOORE

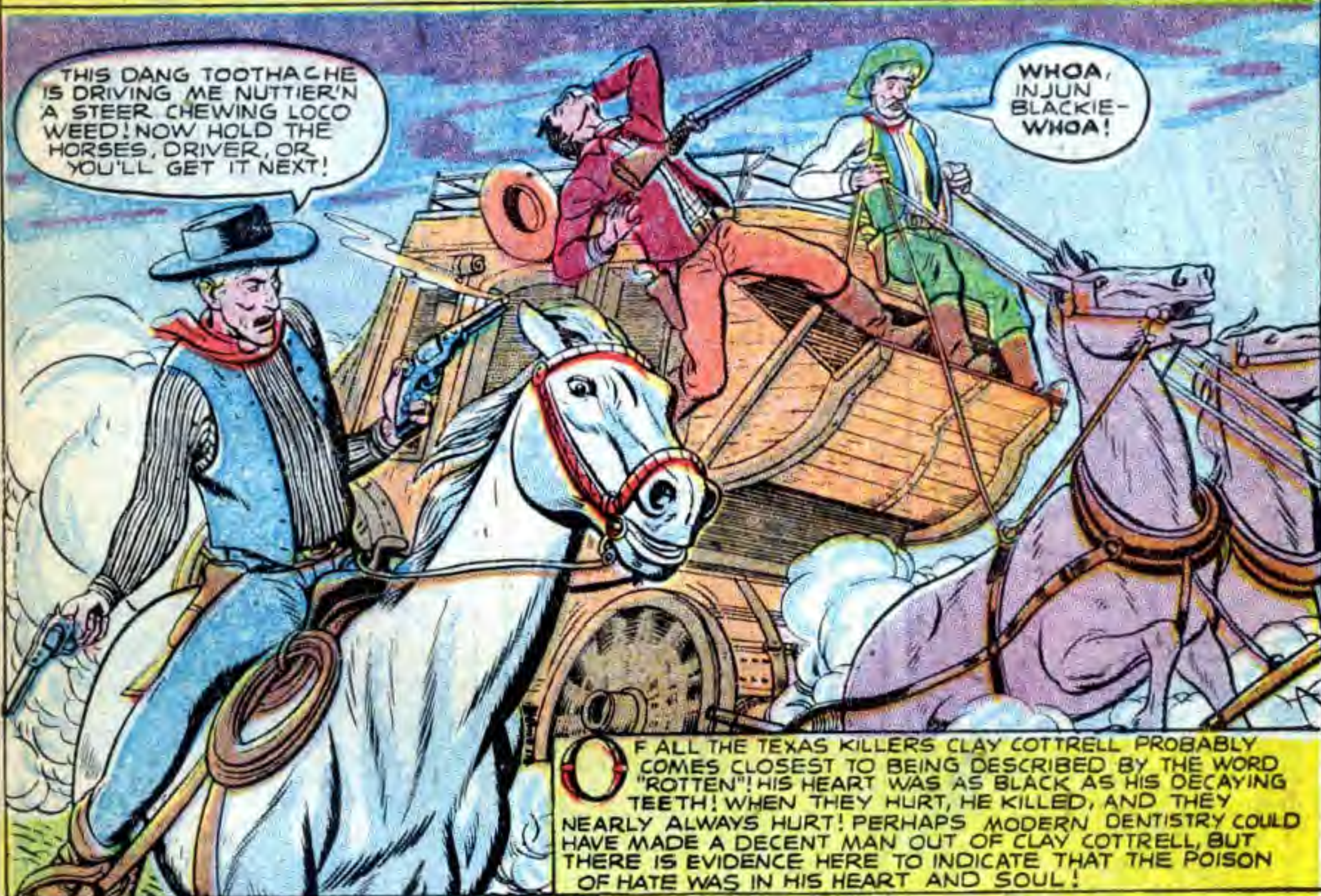
OBEY THE LAW



CLAY COTTRELL

**WHEN HIS TEETH ACHED
HE KILLED, AND THEY ACHED
MOST OF THE TIME!**

CLAY
COTTRELL
KILLED
1876



OF ALL THE TEXAS KILLERS CLAY COTTRELL PROBABLY COMES CLOSEST TO BEING DESCRIBED BY THE WORD "ROTTEN"! HIS HEART WAS AS BLACK AS HIS DECAYING TEETH! WHEN THEY HURT, HE KILLED, AND THEY NEARLY ALWAYS HURT! PERHAPS MODERN DENTISTRY COULD HAVE MADE A DECENT MAN OUT OF CLAY COTTRELL, BUT THERE IS EVIDENCE HERE TO INDICATE THAT THE POISON OF HATE WAS IN HIS HEART AND SOUL!

ON A DUSTY TRAIL OUTSIDE OF EL PASO, TEXAS, IN JULY OF 1870!

IT APPEARS TO ME, CLAY, THERE AIN'T BUT TWO THINGS IN THIS BLAZIN' STATE OF TEXAS THAT A MAN CAN BET ON—THE EL PASO STAGE BEIN' ON TIME, AND US ROBBIN' IT! YA BETTER GET YOUR MASK ON! I HEAR IT COMIN' ROUND THE BEND!

OKAY, BEN! BUT THIS DANG TOOTHACHE I GOT IS DRIVIN' ME NUTTIER'N LOCO WEED! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHIN' FROM HORSE LINIMENT TO TOBACCO JUICE AN' IT STILL PAINS SOMETHIN' AWFUL! IT SURE PUTS ME IN A KILLIN' MOOD!



HOLD THEM HORSES, DRIVER, OR YOU'LL GET IT NEXT! I AIN'T TALKING FOR MY HEALTH!

WHOA!
WHOA,
THERE!



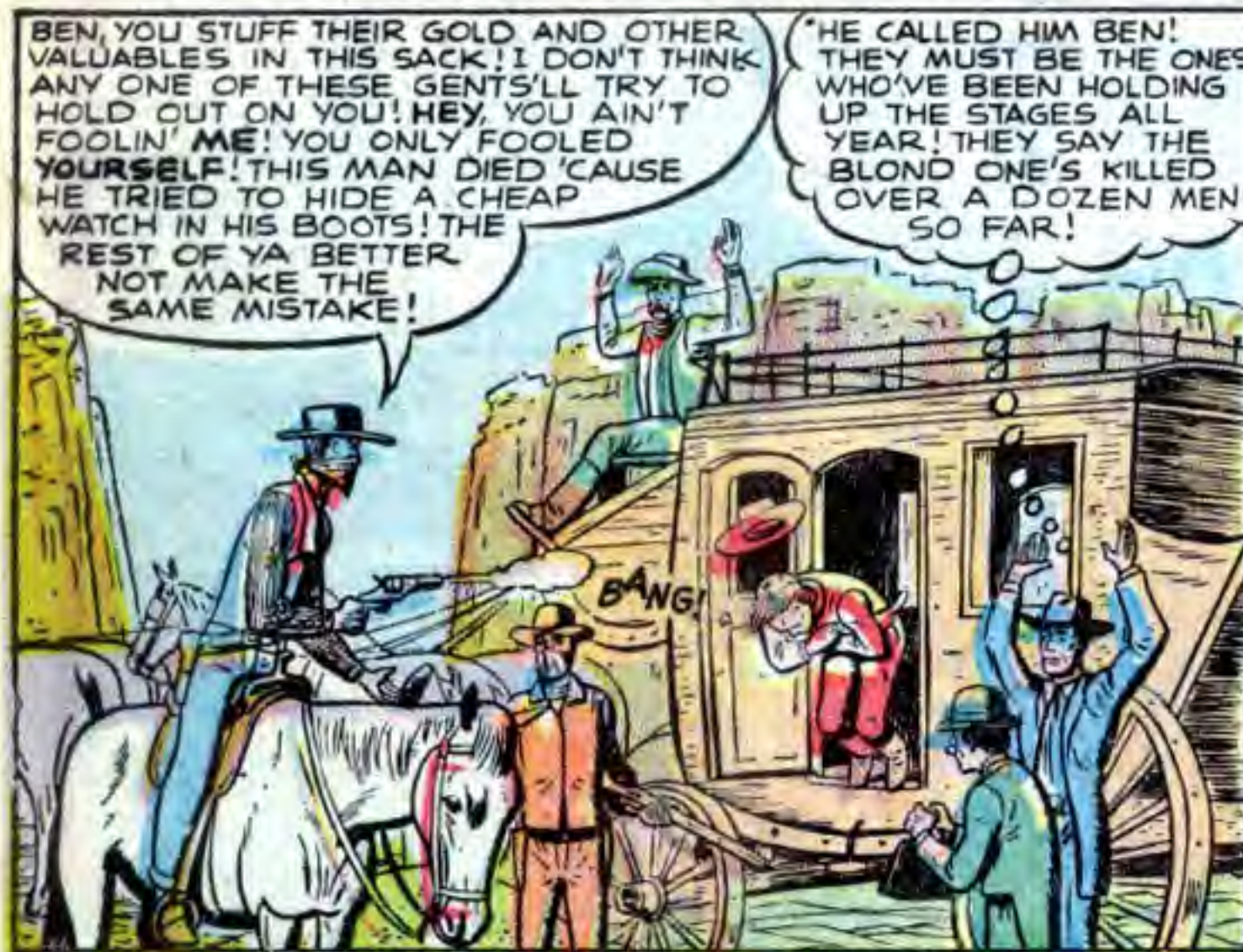
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

IT'S A HOLD-UP!
HIDE YOUR MONEY!

IF ANYONE MAKES A MOVE FOR HIS GUNS THERE WON'T BE A ONE OF YOU EVER GETS TO EL PASO ALIVE! NOW PILE OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH, AND YOUR GREENBACKS SHOWIN'!



OBEDY THE LAW



BEN, YOU STUFF THEIR GOLD AND OTHER VALUABLES IN THIS SACK! I DON'T THINK ANY ONE OF THESE GENTS'LL TRY TO HOLD OUT ON YOU! HEY, YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME! YOU ONLY FOOLED YOURSELF! THIS MAN DIED 'CAUSE HE TRIED TO HIDE A CHEAP WATCH IN HIS BOOTS! THE REST OF YA BETTER NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE!

HE CALLED HIM BEN! THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO'VE BEEN HOLDING UP THE STAGES ALL YEAR! THEY SAY THE BLOND ONE'S KILLED OVER A DOZEN MEN SO FAR!



HEY, CLAY, YOU KIN STOP HOLDIN' YOUR SORE TOOTH NOW! THIS LITTLE RUNT HERE IS A DENTIST! HIS LITTLE SATCHEL'S PLUMB FULL OF MOUTH TOOLS! WHY DON'T YA GET HIM TO YANK IT OUT?

DENTIST? HE DON'T LOOK BIG ENOUGH TO PULL A MAN-SIZED TOOTH!

BUT I AM! I'M DR. JOSHUA LONG, AND I'VE COME HERE FOR MY HEALTH! I'M GOING TO START MY PRACTICE IN EL PASO!



WRONG! YOU'RE GONNA START IT RIGHT HERE! ONLY IT BETTER NOT BE JUST PRACTICE-IF YA WANNA HAVE ANY HEALTH! LEFT, YA BETTER GET BUSY AN' STOP MY MISERY BEFORE I GET A MINUTE OLDER! BEN, YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE REST OF 'EM! THE DOC AN' I WANNA BE ALONE!



BUT IF YOU WON'T TAKE YOUR MASK OFF, HOW CAN I SEE TO TELL WHICH TOOTH IS BAD? IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD IF I YANK THE WRONG ONE!

OH, OKAY! BUT NOW REMEMBER, I'M WARNIN' YOU-IF YA DON'T STOP THIS AWFUL PAIN, I'LL BLOW A HOLE THROUGH YOUR GIZZARD THEY'LL BE ABLE TO DRIVE A STAGE THROUGH! ALL RIGHT, THE MASK IS OFF... SO START PULLIN'!



OWW-OWW! YEOW!

EASY, EASY, PLEASE-I'LL HAVE IT OUT IN A SECOND!

PLEASE BE THE RIGHT ONE! HIS TEETH ARE SO BAD, THEY ALL NEED PULLIN', ONLY HE'D KILL ME IF I TOLD HIM THAT! AND TO THINK I CAME WEST FOR MY HEALTH!



MY MOUTH FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN HIT BY A RED HOT BRANDIN' IRON! ARE YOU SURE YA GOT THE RIGHT TOOTH, DOC?

OF COURSE I'M SURE! YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT SOME PAIN FROM HAVING A TOOTH PULLED, BUT AS SOON AS THE GUMS STOP HURTIN'-IN ABOUT AN HOUR-YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! ER-AHEM, IS IT ALL RIGHT TO GO NOW?



HEY, CLAY, WE HIT PAY DIRT THIS TRIP! ONE OF THEM CATTLE BUYERS HAD OVER \$3,000 IN HIS JEANS!

OKAY, DRIVER, YOU CAN TAKE OFF NOW, ONLY DON'T LOOK BACK! GET IN, DOC! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YA-YA GOT MY PROMISE ON THAT!

OBEY THE LAW

OH, OH, SORRY, DOC, I GOTTA TAKE THAT BACK, 'CAUSE YOU SAW MY FACE!

BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I NEVER KILLED NOBODY BUT WHAT NEEDED KILLIN'!

BANG! BANG!

THAT'S RIGHT SMART, CLAY! I NEVER WOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT!

OR THIS EITHER, EH, BEN? DID YOU THINK I'D SPLIT A TAKE LIKE THIS WITH YOU?

NO, CLAY, NO-DON'T KILL YER OLD PAL.. ARRGH!

THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PAY OFF A CUTTHROAT PARTNER! NOW NO ONE KNOWS CLAY COTTRELL FROM ANY OTHER SADDLE SITTER, EXCEPT I'VE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO SNOWBALL INTO A LARGE ROLL- THE SAME WAY I GOT IT! AND I KNOW JUST THE BOYS TO HELP ME DO IT!

NOTHING AND NOBODY IS SAFE IN THIS WHOLE MESA REGION! HOLD-UPS ARE AS COMMON AS SAGE BRUSH, RANCHES ARE BEIN' RUSTLED, HONEST CATTLEMEN ARE LOSIN' THEIR LIVES, AND WHAT BEATS ME IS, WE ALL KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS LAWLESSNESS! IT'S CLAY COTTRELL, OWNER OF THE ROCKY M, AN' THAT BUNCH OF GUN-TOTERS HE BROUGHT IN! I'M SURPRISED HE AIN'T CUT INTO YOUR HERD YET, FRANK-YOU BEIN' HIS NEAREST NEIGHBOR!

ORDER ME ANOTHER DRINK SHIC & AN' I'LL TELL YA, STEELE SHIC &

SHIC & THAT FLOP-EARED CATTLE RUSTLER'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM ME SHIC & JUST LET HIM COME A-FOOLIN' AROUND MY RANCH AND I'LL SMOKE HIM UP SO'S HIS BOYS WON'T KNOW WHAT END OF HIM TO PUT IN WHICH END OF THE COFFIN!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, FRANK! HOMBRES LIKE HIM PROBABLY DON'T UNDERSTAND NOTHIN' BUT LEAD TALK! HAVE ANOTHER DRINK!

CLAY'D BETTER HEAR ABOUT THIS! A LOUD-MOUTH LIKE FRANK PARSONS MIGHT GIVE OTHER RANCHERS BIG IDEAS!

I SHOULD'VE SENT THAT .45 THROUGH YER HEAD! NEXT TIME YOU BE SURE WE KNOW YOU'RE COMIN'! WE'D GET HUNG IF WE GOT CAUGHT RUSTLIN' AN' WE DON'T AIM TO!

FOR THE LUVVA PETE, BOSS... YOU'RE TOO FAST WITH THEM GUNS! HOW WAS I TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU WAS? I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YA!

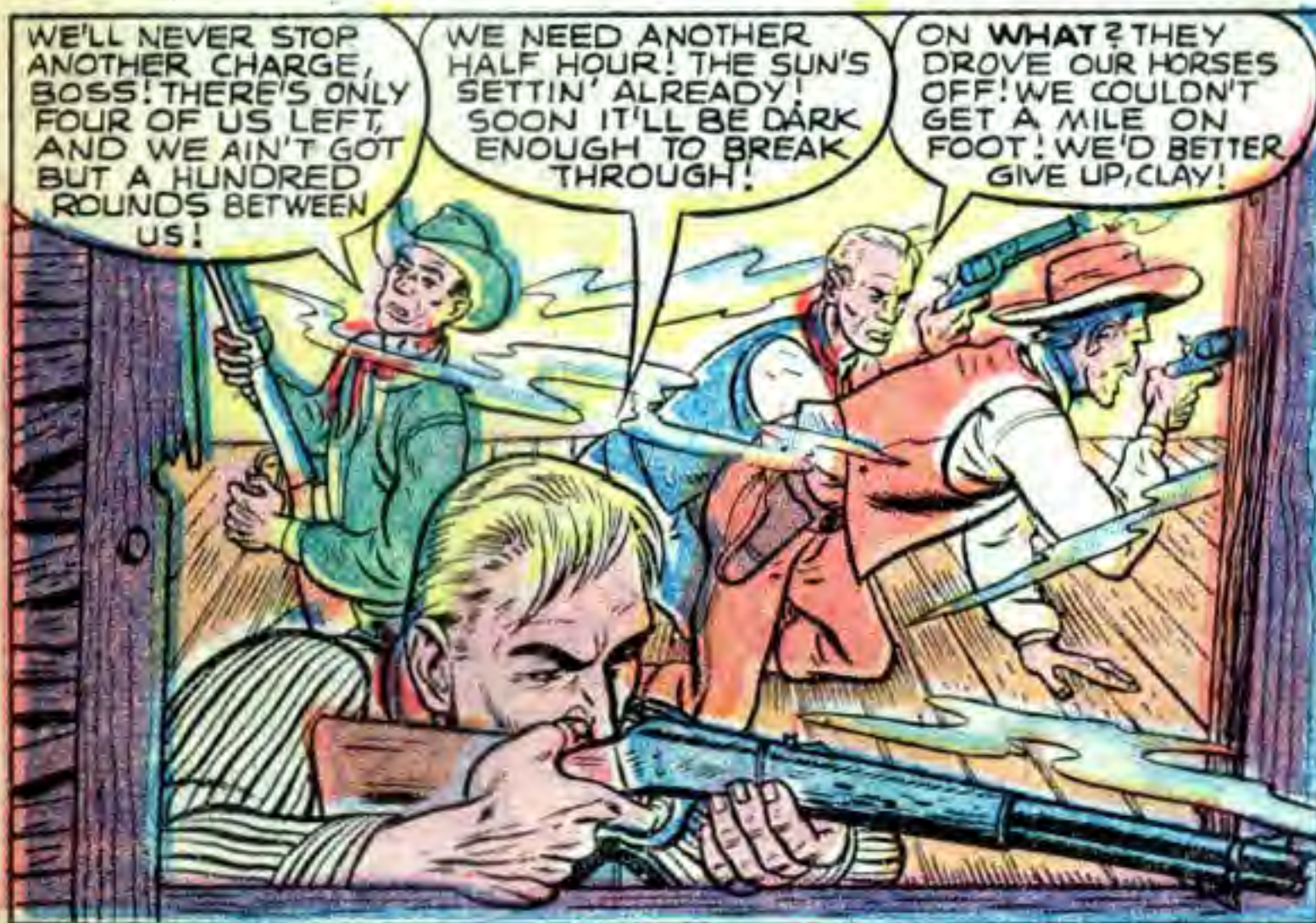
I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, CLAY! FRANK PARSONS IS IN TOWN CRAZY-DRUNK, AND SHOOTIN' HIS BIG MOUTH OFF ABOUT YA! HE'S LIABLE TO CAUSE SOME TROUBLE!

NOT FOR LONG, HE WON'T! THESE DANG TEETH OF MINE ARE ACTIN' UP AGAIN! I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM AN' THEM TOMORROW!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



SO WHAT IF I AIN'T GOT MYSELF AN ARMY! I COULDN'T TRUST 'EM ANYWAY!



GAUCHOS! AND THEY'RE RICH ONES TOO, BY THE LOOKS OF THEIR SILVER-ORNAMENTED SADDLES! MOST LIKELY CATTLEMEN BACK FROM SELLIN' A HERD! THEY WON'T BE MISSED FOR A SPELL AT LEAST!



ONLY FORTY DOLLARS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BUYIN' NOT SELLIN'! I'M GONNA TRY MY LUCK WITH THE STAGE THIS AFTERNOON, THEN I'M GONNA GET MY TEETH FIXED! THE PAIN'S DRIVIN' ME LOCO!



YOU WON'T KILL ME, WILL YOU? I'M JUST A POOR COBBLER LOOKIN' FOR WORK!

NO, GENTS, JUST THE DRIVER! HE SHOULD KNOW'D BETTER THAN TO COME OUT WITHOUT NOTHIN' IN THE STRONG BOX! HE NEEDED KILLING AND SO WILL **EVERYONE** THAT TAKES TO RIDIN' BY WITHOUT COIN IN HIS JEANS! NOW, GET IN AND MOVE ON - PRONTO!



FOLKS SEEM PLUMB AFRAID TO CARRY MUCH MONEY WITH THEM ANYMORE! LOOKS MORE AN' MORE LIKE I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO GO SMACK INTO TOWN AFTER IT FROM NOW ON! THIS DANGED PAIN! I'D LIKE TO SMASH MY TEETH OUT WITH MY GUN BUTT!



THIS TERRITORY IS THE SOFTEST TOUCH YET! ONLY ONE SHERIFF, AND EVERYONE INDOORS SNOOZIN' 'CAUSE OF THE AFTERNOON HEAT! I OUGHTTA BE GONE BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS I'VE BEEN HERE!



WHAT CAN I DO FOR...HEY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

EMPTY YOUR SAFE INTO THIS BAG, AND DON'T TURN YOUR HEAD! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

OBEDY THE LAW

SO YA GOT COMPANY-THE SHERIFF!
DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN,
MR. LAW, AND I MIGHT
LET YA LIVE A LITTLE
LONGER!



AND THEN AGAIN I MIGHT
NOT! IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW
MY TEETH IS FEELIN' AND
THEY'RE FEELIN' PLUMB
AWFUL!

DON'T
SHOOT!
OHMH!



MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE
DOUGH, ONLY I WOULDN'T
ADVISE YA TO STEP OUT-
SIDE TO SAY ADIOS! MY
TEETH MIGHT GET TO
PAININ' AGAIN AND THAT
MEANS YOU'D NEED
KILLIN'-NEED IT
BAD!



I'VE BEEN
WATCHING
YA FOR
AN HOUR,
STRANGER!
WHATCHA
BROODIN'
OVER?

MY TEETH! THEY WERE PAININ' ME SOME-
THING AWFUL, SO I WENT TO A DOC THIS
MORNIN' AND HE YANKED OUT FOUR OF
'EM! HURT LIKE BLAZES, TOO! THEN, LATER,
THEY HURT SOME MORE, SO I WENT TO
ANOTHER DENTIST! HE SAID THAT OTHER
HORSE DOCTOR'D DONE PULLED THE WRONG
TEETH, SO HE TOOK OUT A COUPLE MORE!
NOW, I'M FIXIN' TO GO BACK TO THE
FIRST DOC AND GIVE THAT FOOL
A PIECE OF MY MIND!



OH, IT'S YOU
AGAIN, MR.
COLLINS! BUT
WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE?
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

YEAH, IT'S ME AGAIN! JUST CLUMB
INTO THAT TORTURE CHAIR OF
YOURS AND I'LL EXPLAIN IT! HA,
HA! IN FACT, YOU CAN CALL ME
DOC-AND I RECOMMEND SOME
EXTRACTIONS-FOUR TO
BE EXACT!



YIEEE!
OWWW!
ARGHH!
PLEASE-
NO MORE,
STOP!

SO NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS,
YOU PILL-PEDDLIN' NERVE-KILLER!
YA BEEN DOIN' THIS ALL YOUR LIFE!
PULL OUT FOUR GOOD TEETH OF
MINE, WILL YA! YOU NEED KILLIN',
DOC, BUT I'M GONNA LET YA LIVE,
ONLY WITH FOUR LESS
TEETH!



THERE, THAT MAKES FOUR OF 'EM!
NOW, HOW DO YA FEEL, DOC? GONNA
MAKE MORE MISTAKES YANKIN'
TEETH? HOW DO YA LIKE YOUR
OWN MEDICINE? YOU CAN'T
TAKE IT, CAN YA, DOC?

FRED! WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
I HEARD
SCREAMING!
STOP IT! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING TO
HIM? HELP!



OBEY THE LAW



FRED, DARLING, WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU? YOU'VE KILLED HIM! EEEEE!

NAW, HE AIN'T DEAD, LADY, BUT HE OUGHTA BE! IF HE'S GOT ANY KICK ACOMIN', HE KNOWS WHERE HE CAN FIND ME! THE NAME'S PAT-PAT COLLINS! I'LL SEND HIM A BILL!



SHERIFF, YOU'VE GOT TO PERSUADE HIM NOT TO DO IT! HE'LL BE KILLED!

NO, MARTHA! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! MOST OF HIS TEETH WERE ROTTEN! I WAS TRYIN' TO SAVE THEM-PROBABLY HE HAD PAINS FROM QUITE A FEW! THAT'S WHY I ADVISED HIM TO COME BACK! BUT TO BLAME ME, WHEN I TRIED TO HELP HIM-TO DO THIS TO ME! I HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE! DRUNKEN BEASTS LIKE THAT MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON! I KNOW I COULD HAVE HIM ARRESTED, BUT THEN I WOULD ONLY LIVE IN DREAD OF A BULLET IN THE DARK! I'VE GOT TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH HIM-HELP RID THIS COUNTRY OF SUCH MEN, WHOSE ONLY LAW IS ON THEIR HIP! IT'S A CASE OF GOOD VERSUS EVIL!



I UNDERSTAND, FRED, AND IF YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND, I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT YOU AT LEAST GET A FAIR CHANCE! CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL-UTAH STYLE! FUNNY, BUT I COULD SWEAR I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE SOMEWHERE!

UTAH STYLE! YOU MEAN WE EACH GET A LOADED SIXGUN AND START TOWARD EACH OTHER FROM A HUNDRED YARDS APART? YES! THAT WOULD TAKE AWAY HIS ADVANTAGE OF A QUICKER DRAW-I'M A PRETTY GOOD SHOT! THAT WAY I'D HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE! I'LL DO IT!



HE MISSED! THAT PILL-PUSHER'S STILL OUTTA RANGE, WASTIN' HIS LEAD! THE CLOSER I GET, THE FASTER HE SHOOTS! ONLY THREE MORE SHOTS LEFT FOR HIM-THEN I'LL OPEN UP! I'LL LET HIM HAVE ALL SIX, RIGHT WHERE THEY'LL COUNT!



THOSE WERE HIS LAST TWO BULLETS! NOW HE'S EMPTY! I'LL JUST RUN UP A BIT CLOSER AND EMPTY MY IRON INTO THAT BONY LITTLE VARMINT! HE SHORE NEEDS KILLIN'!



NOW I GOTCHA, YOU WEASEL! I'M GONNA KILL YA LIKE I SHOULDA DONE A WEEK AGO!

OH! I'M HIT! MUST'VE COUNTED WRONG.. UGH!



GOOD SHOOTIN', DOC! YOU SURE STOPPED HIS TICKER WITH THE LAST ONE-PLUMB THROUGH HIS HEART!

NOW IT COMES TO ME WHERE I'VE SEEN THAT FACE! HE'S CLAY COTTRELL, OR WAS! HE'S WANTED IN TEXAS FOR HALF-A-DOZEN KILLIN'S! HE WOULD'VE ENDED UP ON A ROPE IN A FEW DAYS, I GUESS, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, DOC! THIS TOWN'S RIGHT PROUD OF YOU!

IT WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD TO BE DONE-LIKE KILLIN' A POLE-CAT OR A RATTLE-SNAKE!

THE END

A FORCE FOR GOOD IN THE COMMUNITY!

DURING THIS CRITICAL STAGE OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, IT IS GOOD TO KNOW THAT CHILDREN AT AN IMPRESSIONABLE AGE CAN READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY AND ABSORB ITS CONTENTS THOROUGHLY. THE VIVID PICTURES AND INTELLIGENT THOUGHT BEHIND YOUR PUBLICATION SHOULD EARN YOU THE THANKS OF OUR ENTIRE YOUNGER GENERATION AND THEIR PARENTS' ETERNAL GRATITUDE.

YOURS FOR LESS CRIME,
MRS. VIRGINIA TERRANOVA
312 NO. CHURCH STREET
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

AS A TEACHER AND CAMP COUNSELLOR, I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED IN THE WELFARE OF MY CHILDREN, AND INTERESTED IN WHAT THEY READ AND DO. THAT IS WHY I SO HEARTILY APPROVE OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY, FOR IN A CLEAR, CONCISE, GRAPHIC MANNER, IT POINTS OUT A MORAL: CRIME DOES NOT PAY--THUS BECOMING A POSITIVE FORCE IN THE DECLINE OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

SINCERELY YOURS, B. SABLE
1529 EAST JOHNSON STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

RECENTLY, I FOUND MY SON HAD TAKEN MONEY FROM A GUEST'S POCKETBOOK. INSTEAD OF PUNISHING HIM, I GAVE HIM A COPY OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY. AFTER SEEING THAT MANY CRIMINALS WITH AN ACT LIKE HIS, HE IMMEDIATELY ASKED TO BE FORGIVEN. THANKS TO YOUR WONDERFUL MAGAZINE, MY SON'S CRIME WILL NOT LEAD INTO MORE SERIOUS ONES.

SINCERELY, MR. C.S.
FREEPORT, L.I., N.Y.

I AM A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER WITH A CLASS OF SMALL BOYS. SINCE READING MY FIRST ISSUE OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY, I HAVE BEEN IMPRESSED WITH THE IMPORTANT LESSONS THAT EACH ISSUE CARRIES. BELIEVING THAT CRIME PREVENTION RANKS HIGH IN MORAL LESSONS, I BUY AND DISTRIBUTE EVERY MONTH'S ISSUE OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY TO MY CLASS.

YOURS TRULY, HUGH WEST
932A WILSON AVENUE
CHICKASAW, ALABAMA

I AM A SOCIOLOGY MAJOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN AND HAVE LONG WATCHED YOUR MAGAZINE WITH INTEREST. A MAJOR PROBLEM OF AMERICA TODAY IS CRIME AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. I THINK YOUR MAGAZINE IS DOING A SPLENDID JOB IN THAT FIELD. THROUGH A REALISTIC PICTURE OF THE SORDID CRIMINAL AND THROUGH PROOF THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY IN THE LONG RUN, YOU ARE HELPING TO MOLD THE MINDS OF COUNTLESS YOUNG AMERICANS. CONGRATULATIONS AND MAY YOU KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK IN YOUR FIGHT AGAINST CRIME. AN ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE IS WORTH ALL THE SPEECHES IN THE WORLD ON THE SUBJECT.

JAY HARVEY
10 LANGDON STREET
MADISON, WISCONSIN

I FEEL THAT I AM AN AVERAGE MOTHER AND I KNOW THAT MY CHILDREN ABSORB MORE GOOD FROM ONE ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE THAN I COULD DRILL INTO THEM IN A MONTH. THEY LEARN THE FUTILITY OF CRIME AND THE LOYALTY OF OUR POLICEMEN. THANKS FOR A GRAND GUIDANCE FOR YOUNG MINDS.

MRS. JOE A. WHITEHEAD
ROUTE 1, BOX 409
PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

MY SON WAS IN A BOYS' SCHOOL FOR STEALING, UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO. WHEN HE CAME HOME WE BOUGHT CRIME DOES NOT PAY MAGAZINES FOR HIM TO READ. THIS FINE PUBLICATION CERTAINLY MADE A BETTER CITIZEN OF HIM. JUST THE OTHER DAY, HE FOUND A PURSE WITH A LARGE SUM OF MONEY IN IT. INSTEAD OF KEEPING IT, HE RETURNED IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER.

SINCERELY, MRS. C.W.H.
ONTARIO, CANADA

I AM A YOUNG LAD OF FOURTEEN YEARS AND DUE TO DOMESTIC TROUBLES, I AM NOT AS FORTUNATE AS OTHERS IN HAVING PARENTAL GUIDANCE. I AM HONESTLY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR MAGAZINE. READING CRIME DOES NOT PAY HAS KEPT ME FROM BECOMING A JUVENILE DELINQUENT.

YOURS TRULY, J. E.
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, MY SON WAS TRAVELING AROUND WITH A BUNCH OF BOYS WHO HAD A WELL-KNOWN GANGSTER AS THEIR IDOL. SEEING THAT SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, MY HUSBAND BROUGHT HOME A COPY OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY. AFTER READING IT, MY SON DECIDED TO JOIN A GROUP WHO WORSHIPPED TO F.B.I. JUST PREVIOUSLY, THE GANG HAD SENT TO REFORM SCHOOL. I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR MARVELOUS MAGAZINE MY BOY WOULD BE THERE ALSO.

SINCERELY, MRS. MARY SAVERS
535 GRANT ST., HAZLETON, PA.

I CAN'T USE FANCY WORDS TO SAY WHAT I THINK OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BUT IN PLAIN WORDS, IT'S A MAGAZINE THAT CAN SET ANY "CRIME-MINDED" YOUNGSTER STRAIGHT. I ADVISE PARENTS TO BUY THEIR YOUNGSTERS CRIME DOES NOT PAY FOR PLEASURE AND A LESSON IN HOW TO AVOID CRIME.

YOURS, MRS. M. MAHDINEC
4029 EAST 86th STREET
CLEVELAND 5, OHIO

AFTER THE GLAMOURIZATION AND NEVER-ENDING EPISODES OF FANTASTIC ENDING MASTER OF FANS, IT WAS CRIMINAL MINDS, A COPY OF YOUR RELIEF THAT I SAW WILL DO MUCH TO TYPE OF COMIC CRIMINALS ARE TO SHOW THAT AS WELL AS MORALLY.

YOURS TRULY, MRS. L. WASHBURN
3036 BARNARD STREET
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OBEDY THE LAW

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

"RATTLESNAKE JAKE" FALLON

"IT DON'T MATTER WHERE I GO," HE SAID, "I GOT THE WHOLE DANG WEST SHIVERIN' IN ITS BOOTS!"

JAKE
FALLON
KILLED
JULY 4,
1884

and the whole world shiverin'!

YOU AN ME GOT A LOT IN COMMON, MR. RATTLESNAKE! WE'RE BOTH LONG, SKINNY AN COLD-BLOODED! BOTH DON'T CARE IF WE KILL SO LONG AS WE GET WHAT WE WANT—WE NEVER GIVE WARNIN' WHEN WE STRIKE—AN' WHEN WE LET GO WITH OUR KILLIN' WEAPONS, THEY STAY KILLED!...BUT YOU GOT ONE ADVANTAGE OVER ME, MR. RATTLESNAKE...MOST OF WHAT YOU KILL, YOU CAN EAT... IF THIS MANGY LONGHORN HERE DOESN'T HAVE ANY GOOD GOLD DUST ON HIM, I WON'T EAT!

ART BY
FRED GUARDNER

RATTLESNAKE JAKE FALLON WAS ALL HIS NAME IMPLIED AND MORE! THIS TWO-LEGGED REPTILE LIVED ONLY TO KILL! HIS CRIMES WERE OF UNCOMMON BRUTALITY AND THEY BUILT UP TO AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE CLIMAX! NEVER WAS THERE AN INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION LIKE THE ONE RATTLESNAKE JAKE STAGED IN LEWISTON, MONTANA, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1884! NEVER WAS THERE A PRIVATE WAR TO EQUAL THE ONE-MAN HOLOCAUST THAT RATTLESNAKE JAKE LOOSED ON WESTERN CITIZENRY THE INFAMOUS DAY OF THE LEWISTON BLOOD-BATH!

NEAR BOISE, IDAHO—1880...

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! SOME HOMBRES LEAVE CAMPFIRES, TRAMPLED GROUND, SCRAPS OF FOOD, AN' BROKEN BOTTLES, MEBBE, BUT NOT RATTLESNAKE JAKE! HE LEAVES A TRAIL OF CORPSES BEHIND!

IT'S SUNDOWN, FELLERS—AND I'M TIRED! WHAT SAY WE GET US SOME GRUB AND SHUT-EYE?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS SKELETON, HE'S BEEN DEAD AT LEAST A WEEK!

TRAILIN' FALLON REMINDS ME OF A HUNT I WAS ONCE ON FOR A COUGAR—A REAL MEAN CRITTER! SHE COULDN'T EAT A HUNDRETH OF WHAT SHE KILLED, YET SHE KEPT TEARIN' OUT THE THROATS OF EVERY HEAD OF CATTLE SHE COULD GET NEAR JUST TO SHOW THAT SHE COULD DO IT! FALLON REMINDS ME OF THAT CAT! WE FINALLY GOT HER, BUT NOT UNTIL SHE'D FINISHED OFF MORE'N 350 HEAD!

IF THAT LAST CORPSE IS A WEEK OLD, THAT MEANS WE'RE ABOUT A COUPLA HUNDRED MILES BEHIND THE RAT—HE'S PROBABLY IN MONTANA BY NOW!

MEANWHILE, 250 MILES AWAY IN DILLON, MONTANA...

AHHH! HE'S FINALLY COMIN' OUT FOR A BREATH OF AIR—HIS LAST BREATH! I GOT YOUR HEART IN MY SIGHTS, PARDNER, AN IF IT'S GOT FIVE BEATS LEFT, MY NAME AINT RATTLESNAKE JAKE FALLON!...

BANG!

OBEDY THE LAW



THIS PROVES ANIMALS ARE DUMB! THAT HOUND HEARD THE SHOTS AN' STILL HE COMES AFTER ME LIKE I WAS HOLDIN' A PUSSY! WILLOW! DOGS AIN'T LOYAL.. THEY'RE JUST PLAIN DUMB!

GRRRR



YOU SORT OF LOST YOUR APPETITE, DIDN'T YA, FELLER? WHY DIDN'T YA HIDE UNDER THE STOVE WHERE YOU'D ONLY GIT YORE TAIL BURNT?



WAL, NOW, MAM, I WAS HARDLY EXPECTIN' ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME! I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT FOR A LOOK AT THE HERD WITH SOMETHIN' SO NEAT TO LOOK AT AT HOME - YORE HUSBAND WAS LOCO, MAM!

YOU KILLED MY HUSBAND! YOU NEVER GAVE HIM A CHANCE.



THAT'S RIGHT! SO I THINK YOU WON'T BE OF A MIND TO GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE ABOUT ANYTHIN', EH, WIDDER? FIRST RUSTLE ME UP SOME SUPPER! I'M PLENTY HUNGRY - SO BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

MURDERER!



THAT WAS FOOLISH, MAM! I HAD HALF A MIND TO LET YOU ALONE, TILL I SEEN YOU MAKE A GRAB FER THAT KNIFE!



NOW I GOT NO CHOICE! I CAN'T PICK KNIVES OUT OF MY BACK WHILE I'M EATIN' - I'LL HAVE TO DO THE COOKIN' MYSELF!

PLEASE, PLEASE - NO! NO!



THEM HIDES OUGHTTA BRING ME A FAIR PRICE! SAY - WHAT'S THAT SMELL? FOOD'S COOKIN' - IT WAS RIGHT NICE O'HER TO START MY SUPPER FOR ME!

NEXT MORNING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN DILLON..



NEXT, WE FOUND BOTH MR. AND MRS. HUDLOW DEAD! THAT MAKES ELEVEN CORPSES FALLON'S LEFT BEHIND IN A WEEK!

HE WON'T PASS THROUGH TOWN - FALLON JUST COMES IN WHEN HE'S DRUNK! THE TROUBLE IS - WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM IN THESE PARTS - NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

I GOT A PICTURE OF THE CRITTER WITH ME, SHERIFF!

THIS IS HIM, SHERIFF! I GOT IT JUST OVER THE LINE IN IDAHO! THE WHOLE STATE'S BEEN AFTER HIM FOR MONTHS!

A REAL MEAN, LAZY - LOOKIN' CRITTER, AIN'T HE? WE'LL GET TOGETHER, A POSSE AND SET OUT AFTER HIM!

ZEKE, HAVE COPIES OF THIS POSTER MADE AND SENT OUT TO EVERY SHERIFF IN MONTANA!

RIGHT, SHERIFF!

BY THE TIME THE POSSE WAS ORGANIZED, JAKE WAS MILES AWAY...

THAT GEEZER PANS LIKE AN OLD TIMER - IF ANYBODY'S GOT GOLD IN THESE PARTS, HE'S GOT IT!



WANTED
RATTLESNARE
JAKE FALLON

WANTED
BILL

WANTED

OBEDY THE LAW



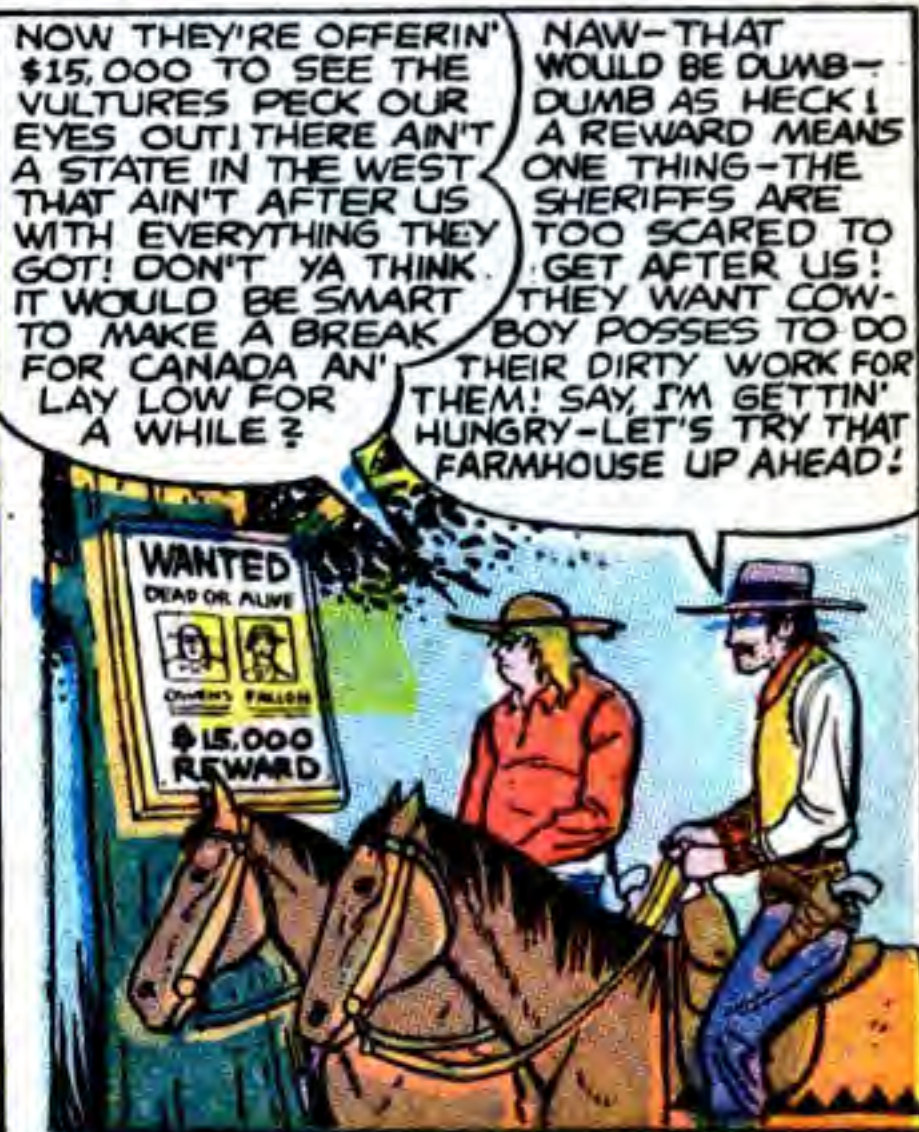
OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



SAY, LONGHAIR! DID YOU KNOW THEY WAS HOLDIN' AN INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION IN LEWISTON ON JULY THE FOURTH? THEY GOT A RACETRACK SET UP, DANCE HALLS, GAMBLIN' MACHINES, ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES.. IT SAYS HERE IN THE LEWISTON PAPER!

VERY INTERESTIN', BUT WE'VE GOT COMPANY! JEFF'S COME HOME TO HIS PAW!



THAT'S FUNNY! PAW DIDN'T COME TO THE DOOR. HE ALWAYS COMES TO THE DOOR WHEN FOLKS RIDE UP! HE CAN HEAR HORSES A MILE AWAY!..



GASP! P-PAW!



THAT WAS ONLY THE FIRST SURPRISE, SON! HERE'S THE LAST!



IT WAS NICE OF JEFF TO BRING SUPPER FOR HIS GUESTS!

YEAH.. ALMOST AS NICE AS THAT FAT MONEY BELT HE WAS WEARIN'! I WAS JUST LOOKIN' AT TODAY'S PAPER JEFF BRUNG FROM TOWN! D'YA KNOW WHAT TODAY IS? JULY 3RD! IF WE'RE GOIN' TO LEWISTON FOR THE CELEBRATION, IT BETTER BE NOW!



IF THE FOLKS IN LEWISTON KNEW WE WERE HEADED THEIR WAY, THEY'D PACK UP THE TOWN 'AN' MOVE OUT TO CHINA!

THOSE HOMBRES ARE SURE CHECKIN' OUT OF BLIND BILL'S IN A HURRY! HEADIN' LEWISTON WAY, TOO! THEY MUST BE GOIN' TO THE BIG FOURTH CELEBRATION!



FALLON AN' OWENS WERE HERE! AN' I ALMOST YELLED AFTER THEM... GULP!

GREETINGS AND WELCOME FALLON AND OWENS WERE HERE



THE NEXT DAY IN LEWISTON...

C'MON, WHO'S NEXT? THE DRINKS ARE ON THE HOUSE! THE BOTTLES TOO!

URGH... STAY WHERE YOU ARE, CROW-BAIT! KEEP SETTIN' 'EM UP OR YOUR LUNGS WILL SPRING A LEAK!



WELL, IF WE DIDN'T DRINK 'EM UNDER THE TABLE, WE SHOT 'EM UNDER THE TABLE! LET'S GET DOWN TO THE RACE TRACK! TAKE THE DRINKS ALONG.. AIN'T NOBODY LEFT HERE TO TALK TO!

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! FALLON AND OWENS CAME TO LEWISTON.. AN' LOOK WHAT THEY DONE ALREADY!



SURE I'M SURE- THEY'RE HERE IN LEWISTON! IF EVERYBODY WASN'T DOWN AT THE RACE TRACK, THEY'D HAVE HEARD THE SHOOTIN' IN JACKIE'S BAR! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE RACE TRACK, RIGHT NOW!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'D DARE WALK THE STREETS OF LEWISTON IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, WITH THEIR FACES AS FAMILIAR AS ABE LINCOLN'S!

TRAPPER JOE HERE DON'T LIE! WE'VE GOT A BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

OBEY THE LAW



NUMBER FIVE WINS!

GOSH DARN! WE LOSE AGAIN, JAKE! THISH RACETRACK IS CROOKED!...THEY RIGGED THE RACESH! THEY WIPED USH OUT ON PURPOSE, HICK! THASH WHAT!



NAW! IT AIN'T THE RACETRACK! IT'SH THISH JUDGE! HE MADE USH LOSE! GIT DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, YA COYOTE! ..CRAWL ON YOUR BELLY LIKE A SNAKE..EAT DIRT!

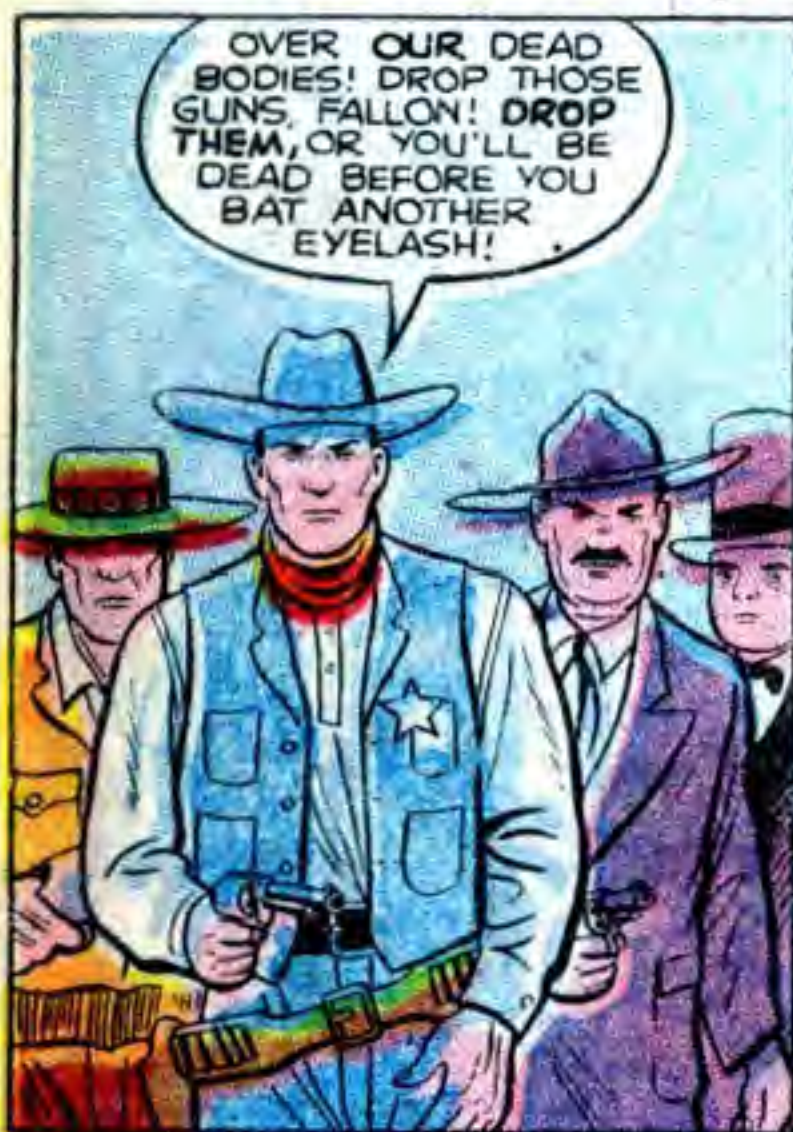
HE'LL HAVE DIRT COMIN' OUTTA HIS EARS AN' EYES AFTER I GET THISH HERE GUN LOADED!

ARE YOU CRAZY?! L-LET ME GO! GASP! LET ME GO!



OKAY, DON'T CRAWL! JUST LIE ON YOUR BELLY AND KISS DIRT!

IT AIN'T HIM ALONE! THE WHOLE TOWN MADE USH LOSE... SHOOT UP THE TOWN! SHOW 'EM WE DON'T SHTAND FER CROOKED HORSH RACIN'! HIC!



OVER OUR DEAD BODIES! DROP THOSE GUNS, FALLON! DROP THEM, OR YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU BAT ANOTHER EYELASH!



THE ONLY THING THAT'LL DROP IS YOU! LET 'EM HAVE IT, OWENS! THE DOGS ARE LOOKIN' FER A QUICK TRIP UP SALT RIVER!

THEY HAD THEIR CHANCE! OKAY, BOYS. LET 'EM HAVE IT!



G-GIVE UP, JAKE...GASP! I'M HIT...HIT BAD... CAN'T SEE!

THEN F-FIRE WITHOUT SEEIN'! WE'VE SHOT OUR WAY OUT OF WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS! I AIN'T SWINGIN' FROM NO TREE...



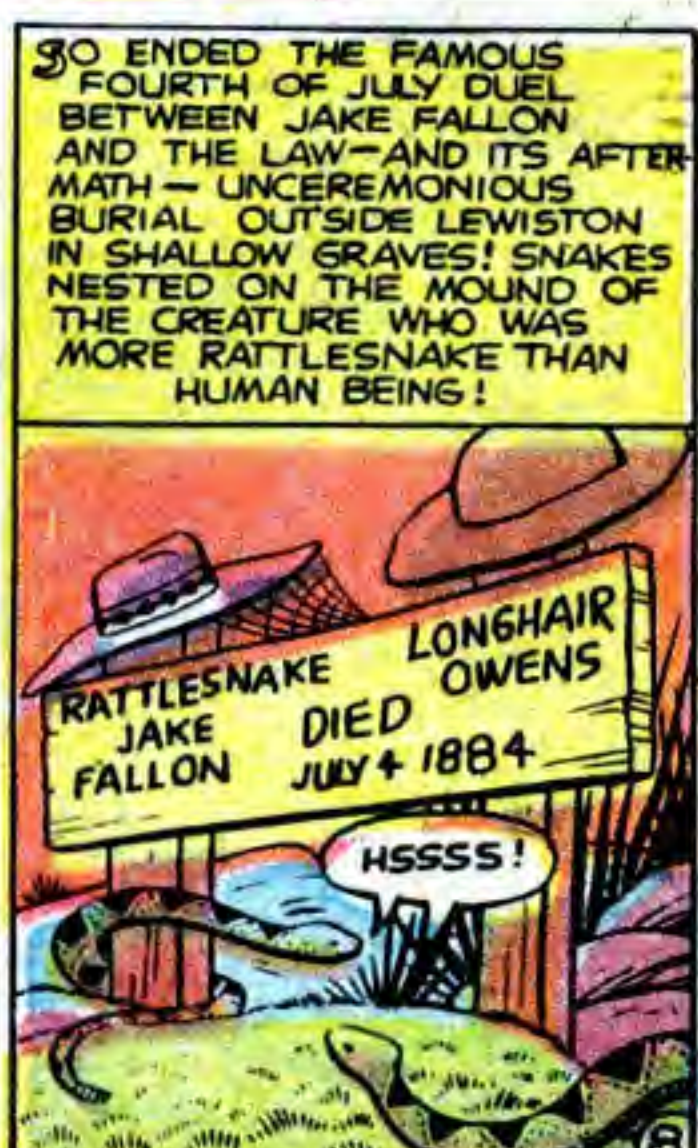
ALL TOGETHER NOW! ... AIM HIGH AN' LOW! SOME OF THE SLUGS HAVE TO HIT!

J-JAKE... FOR PETE'S SAKE! T-THEY'RE POURIN' 'EM IN... GROANE FROM ALL SIDES!...



WE'VE GOT THEM! THEY'RE GOIN' DOWN!

OH HH...



SO ENDED THE FAMOUS FOURTH OF JULY DUEL BETWEEN JAKE FALLON AND THE LAW-AND ITS AFTER MATH - UNCEREMONIOUS BURIAL OUTSIDE LEWISTON IN SHALLOW GRAVES! SNAKES NESTED ON THE MOUND OF THE CREATURE WHO WAS MORE RATTLESNAKE THAN HUMAN BEING!

HSSSS!



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A TRUE WILD WEST STORY

THE LAST OF THE DALEY GANG

THE job of sheriff of Dodge City in the 1870's required a brave man and one who could handle his guns better than anyone else around. The man who took the job knew that he was likely to be killed at any time. If he did manage to survive his term of office he could credit the fact to his expert marksmanship and his exceptionally large share of good luck.



Jack Wood seemed to have both. His deputy, Ben Tanner, was considered faster on the draw than any other man in the West at the time.

Wood had hired Tanner for the express purpose of ridding the West of the gang led by Mike Daley. The Daleys were as vicious a mob of desperadoes as this country ever knew. They were

cattle-rustlers, stage robbers, and murderers, and their activities had cost the ranchers thousands of dollars and many lives.

Ben Tanner had been chosen to go after them because, besides his reputation as a marksman, he had a personal reason for wanting to bring Mike Daley and his gang to justice. In 1875, the Daleys had been caught trying to steal cattle belonging to Tanner's uncle. In the fight that followed the uncle and a cousin were killed and the ranch house burnt.

Daley and his mob soon learned that Tanner's one purpose was to destroy them. "Why, the long-legged coyote," Mike Daley yelled when the news reached him. "I'll kill Tanner and Wood, both. And with one hand tied behind me!"

But when, in August of 1876, Daley rode into Dodge City to find Wood and Tanner, he not only did not have one hand tied behind him, but he brought along his brother, Fred, and Joe de Muth and Ed Cotter, two of his followers.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when Daley led his vengeful renegades into Dodge City. The town's social life went on twenty-four hours a day, and the evening's excitement was just beginning when they arrived.

Halfway through town the killers reached the Sunrise Dance Hall.



"This'll make as good a shootin' gallery as any," Daley announced. "We're goin' in."

The four men dismounted and tied their horses to the hitching post outside the hall.

"You expectin' to find Tanner and Wood in here

Mike?" Fred Daley asked.

"Mebbe they're here and mebbe they ain't," Mike answered. "But if they ain't, they'll be comin' along fast once they hear what we're up to. Even if they don't, we won't be losin' nothin'. C'mon."

The four pushed their way in. Inside, a tinny piano was almost drowned out by shouting and laughing voices. A dozen couples were dancing. Many more stood or sat around, talking and drinking. Loudest of all were the men at the bar at the far end of the room.

Mike Daley shouldered his way through the crowd with the three others behind him. When he had reached the edge of the dance floor he stopped for a minute, looked around, then nodded to his followers.

"Let's go," he said.

All four raised their guns and fired once into the ceiling. The noise stopped

abruptly. Only the pianist, intent on playing as loudly as possible, continued to bang his instrument for a minute. Then he noticed the silence and he, too, stopped.

"Anyone who feels like dyin' just has to make a



sound," Mike Daley shouted. "Anyone who don't just has to get their hands in the air and keep their traps shut. Okay, boys," he said to his men. "Go take up the collection."

De Muth and Cotter cleaned out the cash drawer of the bar, then moved on to the gaming tables nearby. The patrons came last. Almost every man in the place

was armed, but no one cared to risk his neck trying to stop the outlaws. Mike Daley's face was well-known to everyone from "Wanted" posters and his reputation as a murderer and a marksman was sufficient to discourage anyone from disobeying him.

But in the shadow near the side door, Jerry Fenwick, the grocer, watched for a chance to slip out. It came when De Muth, Cotter and Fred Daley turned their attention to the patrons and Mike Daley turned his head for a second. Mike Daley saw him go, but pretended not to notice. Wood and Tanner will be here in two minutes, Daley thought with satisfaction. He was right.

Fenwick headed for the Luddy Hotel, where he knew he would find the sheriff and his deputy.

The two men were playing a game of faro when Fenwick tore in, shouting.

"Sheriff," he yelled, "you



gotta come up to the Sunrise on the double. Daley's there with three of his gang and they're cleaning' up the place I got out when they wasn't lookin', but they're almost finished. If you don't get there fast they'll be gone."

"Come on, Ben," the sheriff said. The two men reached the door before Fenwick finished talking. They raced down the street, but a hundred yards from the dance hall Wood put a hand on Tanner's arm and stopped him.

"Robbin' dance halls ain't Daley's kind of job," Wood said. "They're probably doin' it just to get us. We'd maybe better go in kind of quiet."

"They'll be expectin' us," Tanner said, "but there's nothin' we can do about that."

"If we can get behind 'em before they notice, maybe nobody else'll get hurt."

The two men looked through the windows. Daley

stood with his back half-turned to the rear door, and the other three were busy at the far side of the room. Tanner and Wood slipped in, but the squeak of the door warned Daley, and he whirled.

For the next minute no one could tell what was happening. All four bandits aimed at Wood, shattering both his arms before the sheriff could fire. Tanner's first shot caught Mike Daley between the eyes and the gang leader fell dead.

Fred Daley turned from the sheriff to aim at Tanner, but one of the patrons dived at him from behind. Daley fell to his knees, but was up a second later, throwing his attacker off. But before the killer could raise his gun again Tanner fired and Daley fell on his face.

De Muth and Cotter were still to be attended to and both of them turned their fire on Tanner. But the deputy, ducking nimbly, hit Cotter in the knee. De Muth was felled by several men

who ran on him and took his guns away.

Tanner had suffered only a scratch on the arm from one of Cotter's shots. He gave orders to have the two remaining desperadoes tied up, then turned to where Wood lay. The sheriff lived long enough to hear that the



Daley gang had been destroyed.

De Muth and Cotter were hanged a week later and the rest of the gang broke up to go into hiding. Tanner's shooting had ended their reign of terror.

THE END



OBEY THE LAW



BAT SLATER

HE SAID: "I'M THE ONLY LAW IN THIS TERRITORY AND ANY JOHNNY LAWS THAT RIDE INTO THESE HILLS WILL NEVER RIDE OUT ALIVE!"

BAT SLATER
KILLED
1883



HOW DA YA LIKE THAT, JOHNNY LAWS? SURE, BAT SLATER'LL LET YA COME SNOOPING AROUND ROBBERS' ROOST-BUT THERE WON'T BE ONE OF YA T'GET OUT ALIVE- POUR IT INTO 'EM, BOYS!

BAT SLATER KILLED OVER 30 MEN, BUT NONE OF THEM IN A FAIR FIGHT! HE'D KILL, ADD ANOTHER NOTCH, AND THEN GLOAT OVER THE NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY... THAT WAS HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE-BUT THERE CAME A DAY WHEN HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE HIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD, AND THEN THE FORCES OF LAW CLOSED IN RELENTLESSLY, UNTIL THE SCALES WERE BALANCED!

THEY GOT SHERIFF DALE!

LET'S RUSH 'EM, BOYS! AN EYE FOR AN EYE-THAT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE THEM KILLERS UNDERSTAND!

UTAH TERRITORY, IN 1882-WHERE LAW HAD NOT YET PENETRATED, BUT DEPENDED ON A MAN'S SPEED WITH HIS COLTS! THIS RANGE OF MOUNTAINS WAS KNOWN AS "ROBBERS' ROOST," AND HERE, AMID HILLS WHERE FEW LAWYERS DARED RIDE, THE WORST OUTLAWS OF THE WEST HID OUT! THE MOST FEARED OF THESE WAS BAT SLATER!

IF I CAN ONLY MAKE IT TO SLATER'S HIDEOUT, I'LL BE SAFE! THAT DANG-BLASTED POSSE WON'T DARE GO IN AFTER ME! MOVE FASTER, HORSE, OR I'LL RAKE YOUR BELLY OPEN WITH MY SPURS!

AL TRACY! WHAT ARE YOU BURNIN' LEATHER LIKE THAT FOR? THAT CRITTER'S NEAR DEAD!

I'VE BEEN OUTRUNNIN' A ROPE FOR THE PAST 30 MILES, THAT'S WHY, BAT! YA GOTTA HELP ME! I KILLED SOME DAMN FOOL STORE-KEEPER IN TOWN! HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WAS SHERIFF DALE'S BROTHER? THE POSSE'S ONLY ABOUT A MILE BACK NOW, AND JUST ITCHIN' TO STRETCH MY NECK!

I OUGHTTA KILL YA FOR BRINGIN' THE LAW DOWN ON ME, BUT RIGHT NOW I GOTTA SAVE YOUR ROTTEN, YELLOW HIDE, WHICH AIN'T EVEN GOOD BUZZARD BAIT- GET OFF THAT NAG AND GRAB A RIFLE! WE'LL GIVE THAT POSSE MORE LEAD'N THEY BARGAINED FOR! TWO MEN CAN HOLD OFF AN ARMY FROM UP THE RAVINE, ONLY WE'LL NEED SOME WATER! THIS SUN'LL KILL A MAN WITHOUT NOTHIN' TO DRINK! YOU'LL FIND A SADDLE CANTEEN WITH MY GEAR!



OBEY THE LAW

KEEP LOW! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO SLOW GETTIN' THE WATER, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO RUN UP HERE UNDER FIRE-WE COULDA BEEN MAKIN' IT HOT FOR THEM LAWYEN INSTEAD! JUST DON'T LET NOTHIN' HAPPEN TO THE WATER-IT'S OUR LIFE INSURANCE!



BAT, LOOK! THE CANTEEN'S BEEN HIT!



IT SHOULDA BEEN YOUR YELLOW LIVER, YOU MANGY KNUCKLE-HEAD! WHY DON'T YOU SHOUT IT TO THE POSSE? NOW THEY'LL TRY TO FORCE US TO GIVE UP..MOCKIN' US TILL THE SUN MAKES OUR EYES POP OUT OF OUR HEADS! IF I DIDN'T AIM TO SPIT ALL MY LEAD AT THEM JOHNNY LAWS, I'D BLAST YOUR HIDE ALL OVER THESE ROCKS!

BAT SLATER, CAN YOU HEAR ME? WE AIN'T GOT NO FIGHT WITH YOU-WE WANT AL TRACY FOR KILLIN' A MAN! BUT IF YA HELP PROTECT HIM FROM THE LAW, WE'LL GET YOU, TOO! TAKE MY ADVICE AND MAKE HIM GIVE UP! WE KNOW YOU AIN'T GOT NO WATER!



BAT, YA CAN'T DO THAT! THEY'RE LYIN' SO'S THEY CAN GET US BOTH WITHOUT A FIGHT! I'M YOUR OLD PAL..YA CAN'T TURN ME OVER TO BE HUNG!

SINCE WHEN DID YOU GET THE IDEA YOU COULD COME INTO ROBBERS ROOST AND PLAY SHERIFF AROUND HERE? I'M THE ONLY LAW HERE AND I SAY GO TO BLAZES! IF YOU WANT AL TRACY, COME AND GET HIM! BUT YA BETTER MAKE OUT YOUR WILL FIRST, CAUSE HERE IS MY ANSWER, TINHORN!



DALE'S GONE! THAT MURDERIN' RATTLER SHOT THE BRAVEST SHERIFF IN THE WHOLE WEST IN COLD BLOOD! COME ON, TOM, WE'LL GET THE BOYS AND RUSH 'EM! IT'LL BE AN EYE FOR AN EYE-THAT'S THE ONLY TALK THEM KILLERS KNOW!



NO, THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO, ED! IT'S BE LIKE PICKIN' OFF BUZZARDS! WE CAN WAIT-WE'VE GOT WATER! IN A FEW MORE HOURS THE SUN'LL DO THE JOB FOR US! AND IF THEY DON'T GO LOCO FROM THE HEAT AND THIRST THE COLD NIGHT AIR WILL FREEZE 'EM OUT! WE CAN WAIT! NO HURRY!

THE UTAH SUN BOILS DOWN OUT OF A BLAZING SKY WITH AN INTENSITY THAT FEW MEN AND ANIMALS CAN STAND! FROM EARLY MORNING TO LATE AFTERNOON, THE TWO KILLERS LAY IN ITS DIRECT RAYS, UNABLE TO MOVE, WHILE THE POSSE DOWN BELOW WAITED IN THE COOL SHADE, READY TO FIRE AT THE FIRST MOVEMENT FROM ABOVE!



LOOK AT THEM BUZZARDS UP THERE JUST WAITIN' FOR US TO DIE! WE BETTER GIVE UP!

SHUT UP YOU YELLOW FOOL!

BAT, I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE COUGH-COUGH-I'M GOIN' DOWN-GOTTA HAVE WATER-SEEIN' SPOTS AND HEARIN' BELLS SOMEWHERE COUGH-WE'LL DIE OF SUNSTROKE!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' DOWN, AL, NOT UNLESS YOU'RE DEAD! YOU AIN'T WORTH SAVING, BUT NOW I'M IN IT WITH YA AN' WE AIN'T GIVING UP! THE SUN'LL SET SOON! MAYBE WE KIN GET AWAY IN THE DARK!



YA SEE? WE'LL NEVER GET DOWN! THEY WERE WAITIN' FOR US TO TRY THAT! WE CAN'T STAY UP HERE TONIGHT! IT'S GETTIN' AWFUL COLD-WE'LL FREEZE! BAT, LET'S GIVE UP! MAYBE WE'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL-MAYBE WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO ESCAPE! WE'LL DIE FOR SURE IF WE STAY WITHOUT WATER COUGH-COUGH

THEN WE'LL DIE! I CAN STAND ANYTHING THE LAW CAN..AND MORE! YOU MAKE ONE MOVE TO GO DOWN, AN' I'LL EMPTY THIS CYLINDER INTO YOU!



BANG! BANG!

OBEDY THE LAW

WE AIN'T HEARD ONE SOUND FROM UP THERE SINCE LAST NIGHT, TOM, AND THE BUZZARDS CIRCLIN' ABOUT MEAN ONLY ONE THING- THEY'RE DEAD, OR DARN CLOSE TO IT!

I'LL SIGNAL THE BOYS TO CLOSE IN! THE ONLY THING I REGRET IS THAT, BEING THE LAW, WE HAVE TO BRING 'EM BACK FOR TRIAL- WE'D SAVE A LOT OF TIME BY STRINGIN' 'EM UP NOW FOR WHAT THEY DONE TO SHERIFF DALE AND HIS BROTHER!

LOOK AT THE WAY SLATER TAKES THIS WATER- AS IF IT'S COMIN' TO HIM! YOU'D NEVER THINK HE SHOT THE FINEST SHERIFF IN THE WORLD LESSN' A DAY AGO! HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR 'EM!

THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM KILLERS- AND US LAW-ABIDIN' FOLKS! THEY AIN'T GOT ANY CONSCIENCE- JUST A HANKERIN' TO SEE HOW MANY NOTCHES THEY CAN ADD TO THEIR GUNS! WE MIGHT AS WELL GET 'EM BACK AN' LET THE DOC PATCH 'EM UP!

HOW'M I DOIN', DOC? GONNA LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BE HANGED?

LOOKS LIKE IT- THOUGH THERE WAS SOME DOUBT THE FIRST TWO DAYS, ESPECIALLY ABOUT TRACY, HE WAS PRETTY FAR GONE! BUT I DONE MY BEST AND YOU OUGHTTA BE GRATEFUL IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE PRETTY RILED WHEN THEY HEARD WHAT YOU DID TO THE SHERIFF! THEY WANTED TO HOLD COURT RIGHT THEN!

SURE, I'M GRATEFUL, DOC- SO GRATEFUL I'M GONNA LET YA LIVE... MAYBE! YOU- DROP THAT RIFLE AND PUT YOUR HANDS UP OR I'LL BLAST HIS BELLY FULL OF LEAD! AL, GET HIS GUN! WE AIN'T PLANNIN' ON BEIN' NO GUEST OF HONOR AT NO NECKTIE PARTY!

W-WHY- HOW'D YOU GET A GUN? BETTER DROP YOUR RIFLE, JED!

OKAY, DOC!

DROP YOUR GUN- BELT AND SIX SHOOTER, TOO, OR THE DOC GETS IT! DROP IT, I SAID! GET SOME ROPE, AL!

ALL RIGHT, I'M DROPPING IT! BUT YOU'RE LOCO, SLATER, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET OUT OF TOWN!

WE'LL DO THE WORRYIN' ABOUT THAT, SOURPUSS!

IF I HEAR ONE MORE PEEP OUTTA EITHER OF YA AFTER AL GETS THROUGH, I'LL EMPTY THIS GUN AT YA, SAME AS I WOULD A SNAKE!

HEY, BAT, WHAT ABOUT TAKIN' THEIR DUDS? WE CAN'T GO AROUND TOWN LIKE THIS!

I DON'T AM TO, BUT WE DON'T NEED THEIR SMELLY OLD DUDS! WE'LL GET SOME NEW ONES! THERE AIN'T NOBODY LIKELY TO DROP IN HERE THIS LATE AT NIGHT! WE'VE GOT TWO HOURS UNTIL THE NEXT DEPUTY COMES ON DUTY!

KNOCK KNOCK

ALL RIGHT, I'M COMING! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOCK THE DOOR DOWN! IT'S GETTIN' SO'S A MAN CAN'T EVER SHUT HIS STORE TO CATCH A FEW WINKS!

OBEY THE LAW

WHAT THE...WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THE GUN, MISTER? OH, OH, YOU'RE BAT SLATER AN' THAT'S AL TRACY! YOU'VE BUSTED OUT!

PRETTY SMART FOR AN OLD MAN, AINTCHA, POP? WELL, IF YA KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA, YOU'LL GET BACK IN THERE AND NOT MAKE A PEEP! WE WANT THE BEST DUDES YA GOT, AND WE WANT 'EM IN A HURRY!



YES, SIR, I MEAN MR. SLATER! I'VE GOT THE FINEST CLOTHES THIS SIDE OF ST. LOUIS! SOME REAL FINE CLOTHES FOR A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, HERE THEY... ARRGH!

I DON'T NEED ANY OF YOUR FANCY TALK TO HELP ME PKK OUT A PAIR OF BLUE-JEANS! AL, CLIMB INTO SOMETHIN' THAT FITS, AND NONE OF THAT EASTERN STUFF, EITHER! WE CAN'T GO AROUND LOOKIN' LIKE DUDES WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!

WHY'D YA HAVE TA KNOCK HIM OUT NOW, BAT? HE COULDA SAVED US TIME BY PICKIN' OUT THE RIGHT SIZES, AND...



SINCE WHEN HAVE I TAKEN TO ASKIN' YOU WHAT I SHOULD DO OR SHOULDN'T DO? THERE'S A YELLOW STREAK UP YOUR SPINE A FOOT WIDE AN' I'M SICK OF YOUR WHIMPERIN' LIKE A NEW BORN CALF! NOW PUT THESE DUDES ON AND SHUT YOUR TRAP! WE STILL NEED TO GET SOME NAGS!



THE MAYOR SAID I COULD TAKE HIS HORSE - AND HE SAID TO SADDLE UP THE BEST YOU'VE GOT FOR MY PAL HERE, SON!

THE MAYOR SAID THAT? THAT'S FUNNY, MISTER! THE MAYOR'S HORSE HAS GONE LAME IN HIS LEFT FORELEG! HE MUSTTA BEEN JOSHIN' YOU!



NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! THEN I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME BODY ELSE'S!

GOSH, NO, PLEASE! I'M PAID TO TAKE CARE OF THESE HORSES! I CAN'T LET YA TAKE ANY WITHOUT PERMISSION!



I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO, SON! TOSS A SADDLE ON THE TWO FASTEST YOU'VE GOT - AN' IF YOU'VE GOT ANY PLANS ABOUT RUNNIN' TO THE SHERIFF, YOU'D BETTER FORGET IT, 'CAUSE YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US! NOW GET A MOVE ON!

YOU AIN'T AIMIN TO KILL THE KID, TOO, ARE YOU, BAT?

NOT UNLESS HE GETS SMART - ALECKY! WE'LL CARRY HIM A FEW MILES OUTTA TOWN, THEN TURN HIM LOOSE! BY THE TIME HE GETS BACK, WE'LL BE FAR AWAY!

TWO DAYS LATER!

WE BETTER HEAD STRAIGHT FOR SALT LAKE CITY, BAT! THE WAY THIS POSSE'S BEEN HOUNDIN' US, A BIG CITY'LL BE OUR ONLY CHANCE OF LOSIN' 'EM!

MEBBE SO, AL, BUT THESE NAGS ARE GETTIN' MIGHTY TIRED.. THEY CAN'T KEEP GOING FOREVER!



OBEDY THE LAW



PULL UP AL-
THIS IS WHERE
WE GET OFF!

GET OFF HERE?
WHAT'RE YOU
TALKIN' ABOUT,
BAT?

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO
REST THE HORSES
TOO MUCH 'TIL WE
PUT SOME MORE
DISTANCE BETWEEN
US AND THE LAW!
YOU KNOW
THAT!

THIS IS AS FAR
AS YOU GO, AL-
AND DON'T TRY
TO MAKE A BREAK
FOR IT!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA? WHAT'D
I DO, BAT?
WHY THE
GUN?

IT AIN'T WHAT YA DONE
BUT WHAT YA GOT CREDIT
FOR DOIN' THAT RILES ME!
REMEMBER THAT STORY
WE SAW IN THE PAPER
ABOUT OUR ESCAPE
AND THE \$5,000 REWARD?
WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'
ABOUT THAT ALL DAY
AND GETTIN' MADDER
AND MADDER!

THAT PAPER GAVE YOU ALL
THE CREDIT FOR PLANNING
THE ESCAPE AND GAVE YOU
ALL THE WRITE-UP, WITHOUT
HARDLY MENTIONIN' MY NAME-
ME, BAT SLATER, WITH 24
NOTCHES, PLAYIN' STOOGES
TO A CHICKEN-LIVERED
COWARD LIKE YOU! KILLIN'
YOU WILL PROVE WHO
PULLED THE SHOW!

YOU'RE CRAZY! IT
AIN'T MY FAULT
WHAT THEY WROTE!
WHY, EVERYONE
IN THE TERRITORY
KNOWS THAT YOU'RE
TOP MAN! YA CAN'T
KILL ME FOR THAT!
I'M YOUR PAL! YA
AIN'T FORGETTIN'
THAT, ARE YA?

SURE, YOU'RE
MY PAL, AL!
THAT'S WHY
YOU'RE GONNA
DIE FOR ME-
SO EVERYONE
IN THE WEST'LL
KNOW WHO BAT
SLATER IS! BE-
SIDES, FOLKS
ARE LOOKIN'
FOR TWO MEN!
I'LL HAVE A
BETTER CHANCE
ALONE!



NO, NO, BAT! GIMME!
A CHANCE TO DRAW!
DON'T SHOOT YOUR
OLD PAL IN COLD
BLOOD!

COLD BLOOD?
WHY, I'VE SAVED
YOUR LIFE A
HALF-DOZEN
TIMES-NOW
YOU'RE GONNA
SAVE MINE-
THAT'S ALL!

BANG!
BANG!

EVERY MILE THERE'S ONE
OF THEM DANGED REWARD
NOTICES! TOO MANY LAW-
MEN BETWEEN HERE AND
SALT LAKE KNOW MY FACE!
IF I'M GONNA GET THERE
I'LL HAVE TO OUTSMART 'EM
AND THAT WAGON UP
AHEAD GIVES ME AN
IDEA!



A WOMAN-THIS'LL
BE PERFECT!
HOWDY, MAM! MY
HORSE HAS CARRIED
ME ALL THE WAY
FROM ARIZONA
AND SURE COULD
STAND SOME
REST! YOU'RE
GOIN' MY WAY-
MIND IF I RIDE
WITH YOU FOR
A SPELL?

WHY, NO!
I'VE BEEN
DRIVIN' FOR
OVER 200
MILES AND
I AM TIRED!
YOU'RE MOST
WELCOME,
STRANGER!



OBEY THE LAW

I'M HEADING FOR GREAT SALT LAKE! THERE'S A RIVER BOAT ON THE WEST SHORE THAT GOES RIGHT INTO THE CITY-IT SAVES ME 85 MILES OF RIDING AND I JUST LOVE SAILING, DON'T YOU, MR. ER...

DANTER, MAM... WILL DANTER, AND I THINK TAKIN' THE BOAT DOWN-STREAM'S ABOUT THE BEST WAY THERE IS!

THE LAW WON'T BE LOOKIN' FOR ME TO BE RIDIN' WITH A WOMAN!

HERE WE ARE NOW, MISS JULIE! DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF! I'LL BOOK PASSAGE WITH THE CAPTAIN! YOU JUST SIT TIGHT!

WHY, THANK YOU, MR. DANTER! IT WOULD BE A BIG HELP!

HERE'S THE MONEY, CAPTAIN, AND IF THERE SHOULD BE ANYTHING ELSE, JUST LET ME KNOW! MY SISTER ISN'T FEELIN' SO WELL AND I WOULDN'T WANT HER DISTURBED!

THAT VOICE, AND THAT FACE! IT'S BAT SLATER- THE RAT WHO KILLED MY FATHER FIVE YEARS AGO! I COULD NEVER FORGET THAT FACE!

WHAT IS IT, MR. DANTER? YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER... AS IF YOU WERE EXPECTING SOME-ONE! IS ANYTHING WRONG? CAN I HELP?

NO, OF COURSE NOT, MISS JULIE, BUT BEIN' ON WATER MAKES ME KINDA NERVOUS! I'LL BE MORE RELAXED WHEN WE MAKE PORT IN THE MORNIN'!

THAT'S HIM COMING OFF NOW, SHERIFF! REMEMBER, I GET FIRST CRACK AT HIM!

YEAH, ONLY BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU COVER HIM! SLATER'S A COLD-BLOODED KILLER AND HE'LL TRY TO USE THE GIRL AS A SHIELD! WE'LL TAKE 'EM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

MAKE A MOVE AND I'LL BLAST YA, SLATER! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME FOR THIS!

MR. DANTER- LOOK OUT! THAT MAN MEANS TO HARM YOU!

BANG!

HE SHOT THE SAILOR! START SHOOTIN', SAM, BUT LOOK OUT FOR THE GIRL!

GIDDAP!!

THEY'RE DEPUTIES, MR. DANTER! WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING THEM?

H-HE-UGH-GOT ME, SAM! G-GET HIM!

OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



THIS'LL KILL YA!

SORRY WE HAVEN'T A NEW DECK, JED! WE HAD A LITTLE RUCKUS HERE LAST TIME WE PLAYED!



DON'T GET EXCITED, JUD, I THINK SOME CRITTER'S PULLIN' OUR LAIG!



THEY 'BIN WAITIN' FER EACH OTHER TO DRAW SINCE FIVE THIS MORNIN'!



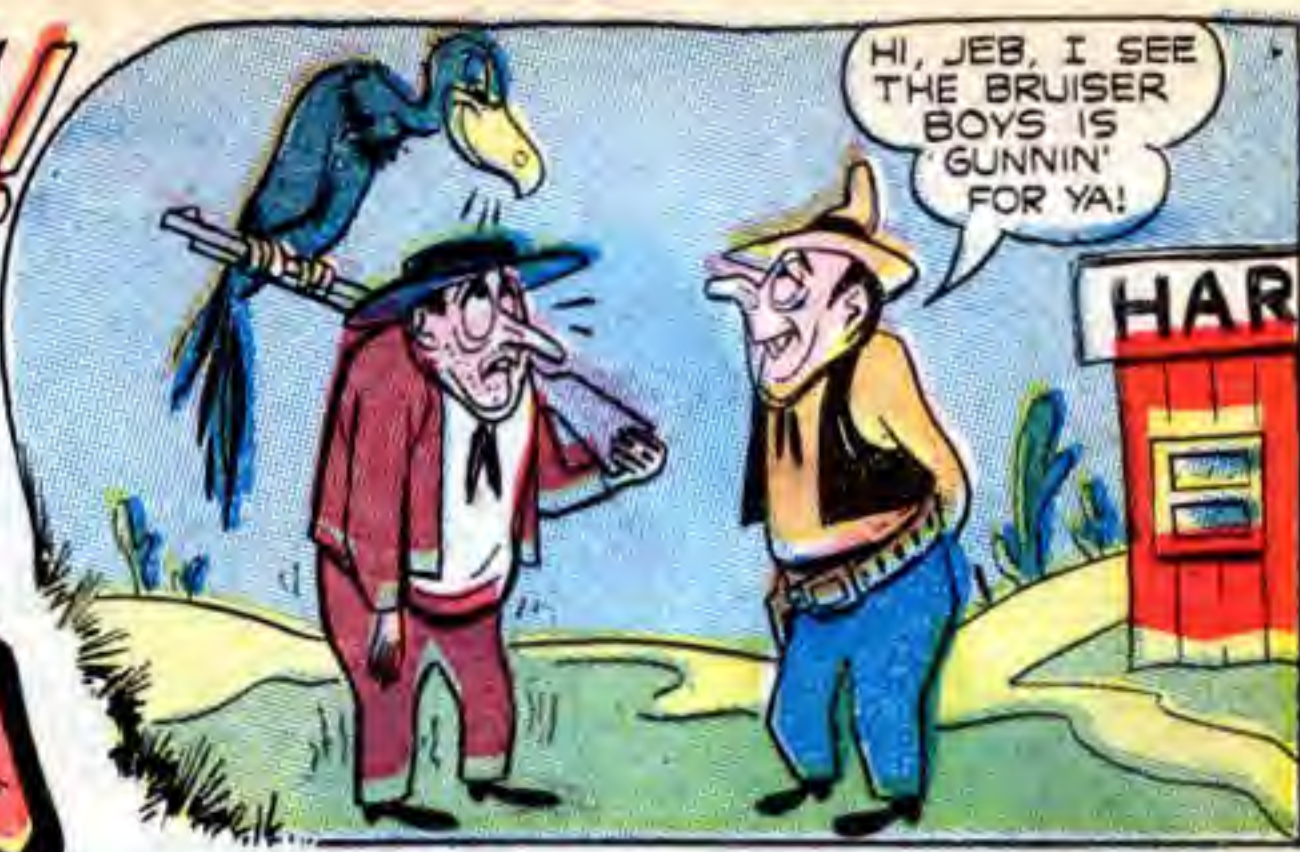
OOPS! A STICK WENT OFF BEFORE EMIL WAS READY!



AH UNDERSTAND THE RAILROAD COMPANY HAD TROUBLE 'GITIN' THE TOLLIVERS T' MOVE!!



HI, JEB, I SEE THE BRUISER BOYS IS 'GUNNIN' FOR YA!



FUST TIME I EVER SEEN THE JUMP MADE THAT WAY!



BAM!



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CLAY COTTRELL	AL BARE	9
"RATTLESNAKE LAKE" FALCON	GUARDINEER*	8
THE LAST OF THE DALEY/GANG text	KIDA	3
BAT SLATER	ROCKWELL?	8
THIS'LL KILL YA.	ROBERT PENNY°	1